

The Bethel News.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 33.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1906.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

First Mark-Down

All of our Suits, and Ladies' and Children's Coats are marked at ONE-HALF the regular price.

Here is your chance to save a few dollars and get a good style coat. We can show you Ladies' coats from \$ 2.50 to \$7.50.

Children's coats from \$1.75 up.

THE FURS

are one-fourth off from the regular prices.

We have quite a number of good values, short or long, round or flat, price from 94c. up.

Wm. Smiley

Telephone 112-2.

127-129 MAIN STREET,

NORWAY

MAINE.

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven,

Main Street.

BETHEL, MAINE.

The Only Way.

Mrs. Nooyne—Jack, we'll have to get a divorce.

Mr. Nooyne—What do you mean? Mrs. Nooyne—It's either divorce or ruin. Eighteen of the couple who gave us wedding presents are going to be married next month. Shall I apply or will you?—Cleveland Leader.

Not Far Enough Away.

"Johnnie, did you not hear your mother calling you?" "Sure thing." "Then why are you going away from the house, instead of toward it?" "Cause I kin hear her callin' me."—Houston Post.

The Vain Author.

"The editor has rejected one of his own articles." "Great guns! Why?" "He said he couldn't afford to pay himself anywhere near what it was worth, so he'd have to send it somewhere else."—Cleveland Leader.

Always Analytical.

"The successful people nowadays are the reformers," remarked the patriotic citizen. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "I believe that reform is actually getting around to a basis where it can be made to pay."—Washington Star.

Not Woman's Work.

Tilly—I wonder why women don't make good bill collectors? Billy—Oh, on account of the old saying, I suppose. Tilly—What old saying? Billy—A woman's work is never done.—Judge.

Would Act Natural.

"What would you do, Henry?" asked Mrs. Johnson, "if burglars got into the house?" "Do?" replied her husband. "I suppose I would just do what they told me. I've never had my own way in this house yet."—Tit-Bits.

Asked.

"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns." "How many miles behind?" shouted voice in the gallery.—Cassell's.

A Point of Honor.

Chaffer—Do you ever take your auto out on Sunday? Goodleigh—Yes; but I make it a point never to run over anybody on that day.—Judge.

Was Honest.

"Is he honest?" "Honest? He wouldn't even take a photograph."—Town Topics.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Mr. J. C. Billings was in Portland, Friday.

Do not forget the Festival Chorus rehearsal to-night.

Miss Metta B. Gould of Colebrook, N. H., is employed at the News office.

Harry Purington and Frank Weed returned to Bowdoin Monday afternoon.

Miss Cleo Russell returned to her school at Hurricane Island, Monday morning.

Mr. W. F. Eldridge, superintendent of schools at Rockport, Mass., visited friends in Bethel the past few days.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Gleason at the parsonage Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Harvey Philbrook of Greene visited his mother, Mrs. Emily Philbrook, last week.

Prof. W. S. Wight started for Eastern Maine, Friday, where he will organize classes for the winter.

Mr. Bates is moving his family from Mrs. Lucy Leach's rent to the rent on Mechanic street recently vacated by Mr. Dana Philbrook.

The Installation of officers of the Eastern Star occurs this evening at Masonic Hall, at eight o'clock, and a cordial invitation is extended to Masons and their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Archer Grover who have been spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Grover have returned to their home.

Irving Leighton of Shelburne, N. H., has not yet returned to resume his studies at Mc. Academy, having been ill at his home.

Mrs. Olive Young has been ill at her home and Dr. B. F. Bradbury of Norway has visited her. Mrs. Bradbury and her daughter Miss Finney were here Monday.

As Earl McAllister was walking between the store of C. K. Fox and the residence of Dr. Wight last Saturday he slipped and fell throwing his knee out of joint. He managed to get to his boarding place on Vernon street when he again fell and this time needed assistance to get to the house. He was confined to the bed for forty eight hours suffering considerable pain.

Mr. Henry O. Archibald who has been employed at the News office for the past four years concluded his services here last week and has gone to Orange, Mass., where he has employment with Mr. F. I. Wilson, former manager of the Belfast Age. Mr. Archibald is a faithful and efficient workman, a straightforward, conscientious man and a good citizen. During his stay in Bethel he has made many friends who regret to have him leave, all of whom extend their best wishes to him as he goes to his new position.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bryant returned from South Paris Saturday where they had been called on account of the illness and death of Mr. Bryant's mother, Mrs. Phebe A. Robertson who had made her home with her daughter Mrs. Barrows for the past six years. Mrs. Robertson's maiden name was Billings and her parents resided in Woodstock. She was twice married, first to Mr. William G. Bryant by whom she had three children, who survive her, Chauncey Bryant of Bethel, Mrs. A. F. Barrows of South Paris and Loren Bryant of Portland an engineer on the Grand Trunk. After the death of Mr. Bryant she married Mr. Robertson who has been dead more than twenty years. She was a member of the Baptist church and her funeral was attended by Rev. Mr. Chesboro, pastor of the Baptist church, South Paris assisted by Rev. J. H. Little of the Universalist church.

Mr. Albert Copeland is away on business.

Mr. B. W. Kimball is visiting his sister at Framingham, Mass.

Dr. G. L. Sturdivant of Yarmouth was in town Tuesday.

Miss Helen Bisbee returned to her studies in Boston, Tuesday morning.

Dr. R. R. Tibbetts is now occupying the house formerly occupied by Dr. Sturdivant.

Mrs. Millie Clark is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Miss Eva Estes at Sanford.

Mr. Ralph Sherwood who has been spending the holidays in town preached a very interesting and helpful sermon at Middle Intervale last Sunday.

A portrait of ex-Judge Enoch Foster of Portland, for 14 years a member of the Maine supreme bench, has been hung in the rotunda of the State Capitol at Augusta. It is the work of D. D. Coombs of Lewiston.

An oyster and pastry supper will be served in the new Grange Hall, East Bethel by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mayconell, Thursday evening, Jan. 11, from six to eight o'clock, tickets 25 cents. Music will be furnished for dancing in the upper hall, tickets 25 cents. All proceeds are to go for the benefit of the hall and a good attendance is desired.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will hold their annual meeting for choice of officers, to-morrow, Thursday, Jan. 4, at the residence of Mrs. N. R. Springer on Main street. A full attendance is desired; also that members should be there at two o'clock.

Letters for the following are advertised at the postoffice: Mrs. Deantha Aldrich.

Mrs. B. M. Shannon.
Mr. John Angevine.
C. B. Goodrain.
Mr. Guy Hastings.
Mr. Ephraim Neider.
Mr. Richard Shannon.

CHURCH NOTES

METHODIST.

Morning Preaching Service at 10.45.
Sunday School 12.00.
Epworth League 6.15.
Evening Preaching Service 7.15.

UNIVERSALIST.

The series of Mid-winter and Lenten sermons will begin at the Universalist church next Sunday. Special music will be rendered under the direction of Miss Jane Gibson; Miss Agnes Barton will be the soloist.

The Sunday School will be reorganized and a more interesting method adopted for the present year.

CONGREGATIONAL.

At the Congregational church next Sunday morning the annual Fellowship Service to which every member of the church is urged to be present and answer to their name at roll-call by some Scripture text or quotation. The communion service at this hour.

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
Christian Endeavor meeting at 6.45 o'clock, topic, "How finding Christ changes the life."

FLINCH PARTY.

After two postponements the Flinch Club will meet at Prospect Hotel, to-morrow evening; a literary program, short, but choice, has been planned, and another pleasant evening is looked forward to by the members. It is respectfully requested that as many as conveniently can will bring Flinch cards.

DANCING PARTY.

Prospect Hotel was the scene of a most joyous gathering last Thursday evening, the occasion being a dancing party given by Mrs. A. E. Herrick and Mrs. J. G. Gehring in honor of Mrs. Herrick's guest, Miss Cecil Houghton of Brunswick and Dr. Gehring's nephew, Mr. George Gehring Marshall of Cleveland, Ohio. A large number of the young people of the village including those who were home for the Christmas recess, were present and all unite in pronouncing the evening one of unalloyed pleasure.

MODERN CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

ANONYMOUS

O Lord, I come to Thee in prayer once more; But pardon that I do not kneel before Thy gracious presence—for my knees are sore With too much walking. In my chair instead I'll sit at ease and humbly bow my head.

I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost know; I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show; I've called on fifteen strangers in our town. Their contributions to our church put down.

I've baked a pot of beans for Wednesday's spree— An "Old Time Supper" it is going to be. I've dressed three dolls for our annual fair, And made a cake which we will rattle there.

Now, with Thy boundless wisdom so sublime, Thou knowest that these duties all take time. I have no time to fight 'my spirit's' foes; I have no time to mend my husband's clothes; My children roam the streets from morn till night, I have no time to teach them to do right.

But Thou, O Lord, considering my cares, Wilt count them righteousness and heed my prayers. Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show, And put it in the hearts of all to go; Induce all visitors to patronize The men who in our programs advertise, Because I've chased those merchants till they hid. When'er they saw me coming—yes they did;

Increase the contributions to our fair, And bless the people who assemble there. Bless Thou the grab-bag and the raffle tent, The flower-table and the cake that's sent. May our whist club be to Thy service blest; The dancing party gayer than all the rest. And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings—then We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen.

Bowdoin's Young Professor.

William T. Foster was born in one of the lowest districts of Boston in 1879. His father died before the boy ever knew him, leaving the family without any support. At the age of thirteen, the boy was earning his own living through a foreign postage stamp business, which he had built up in Boston stores. At fifteen he was earning three dollars a week in the carpet house of John H. Pray. At seventeen, he was editor and manager of "The Roxbury Enterprise," a school paper, by means of which he made enough money to start him at college. But he was not prepared; he had never studied Greek or Latin. Everyone told him that at least two years' study of Latin would be necessary to pass the Harvard examinations. One man agreed to help him during the summer. He had just two months, and in September he passed the entrance examinations for Harvard.

At college he worked at thirty different occupations to earn expenses. He read gas-meters, shingled barns, tutored, wrote for papers and magazines, coached debating teams, worked as a gardener, acted as an agent for an engraving house, edited a weekly paper during the summer, and worked on a college catalogue. In 1901, he was graduated near the head of a class of six hundred with honors. He was elected instructor in English at Bates College.

He saved some money, returned to Harvard and took the degree of master of arts. Then, above fifty other candidates, he was elected instructor at Bowdoin College. President Hyde told him that there was little chance of promotion at Bowdoin; there was no place. His reply was characteristic: "Very well, I will make a place," and he did.

The enrollment in his courses increased one hundred per cent, and he organized the department of education. Trustees, faculty, and overseers all agreed that they must keep him at Bowdoin. So they founded a new chair, and in June, 1905, he was elected professor of English and Argumentation, the youngest full professor in New England.—Success

A Birthday Party.

Mr. Gilman L. Blake, having recently arrived at his eighty fifth milestone and thinking that he would enjoy the company of his friends and neighbors invited them in to spend the afternoon and evening with him. They responded to the number of about forty. After spending the afternoon in conversation and old time reminiscences, a bountiful supper of oysters and pastry was served, the place of honor being occupied by a large birthday cake, with Mr. Blake's initials, G. L. B., and the dates, 1820 and 1905 inscribed thereon. A delightful evening was spent, old and young joining in games of Flinch, until the lateness of the hour warned them that the enjoyable occasion must come to an end. The guests departed, wishing Mr. Blake many happy returns of the day and leaving behind them a number of remembrances. Mr. Blake regretted that the capacity of his house obliged him to curtail his invitations somewhat.

Gilman Lara Blake, the son of Micah and Nancy (Ripley) Blake, was born Dec. 20, 1820, on what is known as the "Blake Farm," now owned and occupied by his nephew Chas. G. Blake, and lived there until a few years ago, when he sold the property and moved to South Bethel.

In 1854 he married Anna, daughter of Joseph Cummings; she lived but a short time. They had one son, Frank G., who went west in 1879. Since the death of his wife his house has been well and faithfully kept by Mrs. Maria Stimson.

Mr. Blake has been a lifelong Republican, having helped to organize the party in its infancy, he is still interested in its welfare. He served the town as selectman for several years; was one of the trustees of the ministerial and school fund, also deputy sheriff for a number of years and at the ripe age of eighty-five is hale and bids fair to round out a long and active life.

Lucier's Minstrels.

Next Saturday evening Lucier's Minstrels will appear in Odeon Hall. While their entertainment has always been pleasing it is asserted that this year it is better than ever as many new features have been added.

Mr. J. R. Lucier is the only blind traveling musician and interlocutor, and his efforts are certainly marvelous; he is most ably assisted by his sister, Miss Rose Lucier. All remember Eddie LaBarre, the comedian and he will be as pleasing as ever.

Among the new attractions are Johnny Lambert, the 9 year-old boy tenor singer and Jacob and Sadall, European barreljumpers, formerly of Ringling's circus. Taken altogether it will be a full evening of minstrelsy and one sure to please.

A Week of Prayer.

The week of prayer will open with a Union Service in the Methodist church, Sunday evening at half past seven. The general topic will be "Prayer in our Lord's Life."

The Young Peoples Societies will hold their individual meetings as usual. Union meetings in the Congregational chapel on Tuesday evening and in the Universalist chapel, Thursday evening. The public is cordially invited to attend all these meetings.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the neighbors who so kindly assisted us in the death of our loving father, to the choir, also to the minister for his comforting words.

MRS. MARY LOWELL,
IRA W. LOWELL,
MR. and MRS. HAZEN LOWELL.

33pd

EDISON Phonographs.

GEM, \$12.00
STANDARD, \$20.00
HORNE, \$30.00

Gold Moulded Records 35c. each.

New Records for January just received. Send for list.

If you do not own a phonograph, call and let me show you one.

EDWARD KING

BETHEL, MAINE.

MILLINERY WAY BELOW COST.

For the next two weeks we shall sell all our Millinery, including, Hats, trimmed and untrimmed, Feathers, Flowers, etc. etc., regardless of cost.

L. M. STEARNS,

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

LUCIER'S Minstrels

AT

ODEON HALL,

SATURDAY EVENING,
JAN. 6, 1906.

Mr. J. R. LUCIER,
Blind Cornet Soloist.

Larabee and Applegate
Grotesque Comedians.

Superb Military Band

Many new Attractions

Street Parade at Noon

Seats on sale at
PUSHARD'S DRUG STORE.

Notice.

My wife, Emily L. Brooks, having left my bed and board without cause I hereby give notice that I will not pay any bills contracted by her after this date.

GEORGE E. BROOKS,
Bethel, Me., Dec. 26, 1905. 3W3Z

PRINTERS WANTED.

Job Compositors. Steady work, open shop; good pay for the right men.

The Lakeside Press Company,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Expels Worms

September 28, 1903.

Dear Sirs—
I have used the True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters for nearly a year for my little girl. She used to have worms and would be sick three or four days at a time. I began the use of the True "L. F." Medicine and she has not had a spell since.

Yours truly,
MRS. IDA M. NASON,
Clinton, Me.

Children who do not thrive on good food should be watched for worms. Use small doses of "L. F." until you get results.
The True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, 35 cents.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office in Residence opposite Odeon Hall } BETHEL.

Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at Wormell Stand, BETHEL, MAINE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Time Table in Effect Oct. 15, 1905.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond, leave...	1.45	6.30
Gorham,	4.00	8.20
Gilead,	4.25	8.40
West Bethel,	4.38	8.50
BETHEL, arrive,	4.46	9.00
Locke Mills,	9.10	3.57
Bryant Pond,	5.05	9.18
South Paris,	5.38	9.50
Lewiston,	6.40	10.45
Portland, arrive,	7.30	11.30

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Portland, leave,	8.00	1.30
Lewiston,	8.50	2.25
South Paris,	9.50	3.28
Bryant Pond,	10.18	4.05
Locke Mills,	10.25	4.15
BETHEL, arrive,	10.35	4.25
West Bethel,	10.43	4.35
Gilead,	10.55	4.51
Gorham,	11.22	5.40
Island Pond,	1.30	7.50
Montreal,	6.50	7.00

CANADIAN ANNUAL EXCURSION, MONTREAL AND QUEBEC, DE- CEMBER 21, 1905.

The annual Canadian excursion will run on December 21st by regular trains, with return limit January 22.

Fares as follows:

To Montreal or Quebec \$6.50.
To Quebec and Montreal and return \$8.00.

J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

Pine State Custom Shoes

For men and women, \$3.50. Best shoe made in Maine. Also Pillsbury-Howe shoe for children. I also have a good stock of Rubbers, Leggings, Moccasins, etc.

Repairing Done well and Promptly.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

I DO NOT KEEP THE ONLY GROCERY IN BETHEL.

But I have a complete stock of

Groceries, Confectionery,
FRUIT, NUTS, TOBACCO
AND CIGARS.

If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

R. E. L. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiates

LADIES CASTORIA

Dr. LaFrance's Compound Cough Remedy

Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator

Superior to other cough remedies at high prices.

Time guaranteed. 25¢ per bottle. Used by over 200,000 Women.

Get it by mail. Testimonials and booklet free.

Dr. LaFrance, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRYANT POND.

Miss Alice Leach spent Christmas with her parents at North Livermore.

Ethel Ford attended the C. E. convention at South Paris, on Wednesday of last week.

Esther Anderson spent Christmas at her sister's, Mrs. George Coffin.

Eva McAllister is at home from Lewiston with the mumps.

Lena Felt came home from Rumford Falls, Dec. 23, returning the following Tuesday.

Mrs. Edwin Cole visited her father, Andrew Hill, in Norway, recently.

Charles Hill has been visiting his son, Ellsworth Hill, in Berlin, N. H. H. G. Blount of Bates College is teaching the High School.

Mrs. Mark Allen is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Kilborn Perham are spending the winter with their children in Lynn, Mass.

Arthur Cushman was at his father's, Christmas. He visited his brother in Berlin, N. H., recently.

Rev. J. E. Cochrane preached last Sunday, and will hold meetings with C. C. Koch, this week, the week of prayer.

The Christmas exercises on Monday evening at Dudley's Opera House passed off well. The two trees were well loaded and everybody seemed happy.

Mrs. Nellie Brickett of Waterford has a class in instrumental music here.

Emerson Billings went to Lewiston to the hospital, recently.

Four Hundred Babies.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, Chicago, shelters homeless waifs awaiting adoption, and there are nearly 400 babies there. Sister Julia writes: "I cannot say too much in praise of Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and insist upon having it, as it is a safe remedy and certain in results. Refuse substitutes. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. F

New Reading of Old Proverbs.

Men love women; women love a man.

Whisper scandal and it will echo itself.

A bird in hand is worth two in the shell.

A nimble sixpence is better than a slow note.

To know a man's character follow him home.

A fine overcoat covers a multitude of old clothes.

The rock of a cradle is the rock on which a man splits.

The crow of a baby is written in the language of the angels.

What you don't know about men often makes them respectable.

The size of a man has nothing to do with the size of a lie he can tell.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself; for she will look after you.

It isn't as far from the top of a hill to the bottom as it is from the bottom to the top.

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.

Bought Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and Sent it to Friends.

Mr. F. W. J. Fletcher, a druggist in Victoria, Australia, says: "A customer of mine was so pleased with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which she had used for her children when suffering from colds and croup, that during a fortnight's time she obtained at my shop, nine bottles which she sent to her friends in different parts of the state, telling them how much good it had done and advising them to give it a trial." For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

PRICE CUT IN HALF

REVIEW of REVIEWS
COSMOPOLITAN
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
BETHEL NEWS

Regular Price, \$6.50
Sensational Price for a Limited Time, \$3.25

FOR ALL TO ONE ADDRESS.

We are very fortunate in being able to arrange with the publishers of these three well-known magazines to offer a subscription for the coming year at this sensational price. We have decided to let our readers have the full advantage of the reduction and to cut the price of the NEWS as well, in order to get quickly a large body of paid-in-advance subscribers. Subscriptions to the NEWS will date from January 1, 1906, so all who subscribe now will get the NEWS FREE up to that date.



BUSINESS PROPOSITION

Scores of our readers are constant readers of the Review of Reviews, and know that it stands without a peer in its class; as many more have already become wedded to the Cosmopolitan and still as many more would be lost in their own homes without the Woman's Home Companion. You are to buy one or more of these valuable magazines anyway; why not have them all and the BETHEL NEWS thrown in for just a bit more than you would pay for any one of them alone?

If you are a subscriber to any one or more of these papers this offer will apply on renewals and save you some money.

With this outfit you will be well supplied with reading matter during the long evenings of the approaching winter. Seriously haven't we made a good selection? Could you have selected more wisely?

The Review of Reviews.

Many other publications are desirable, and you may prefer this or prefer that fiction and art publication, but the Review of Reviews is necessary. Substantial American men and women are going to keep up with the times and they are going to take the shortest cut—which is the Review of Reviews. Twelve hundred pictures a year; departments giving the best there is in all the other important magazines all over the world; timely and informing articles, almost as fresh and full of news interest as a daily paper; and Dr. Albert Shaw's interpretation of the public men, events and issues of the month, in "The Progress of the World."

The Cosmopolitan.

A leading magazine for eighteen years. With the recent change of ownership it has been improved. It is far better in every respect, and aims to be the best in its field. Every year or so there's one notable advance in the forward movement among the many magazines. This year it is the Cosmopolitan. And this shall be a splendid permanent success. Its gains in news-stand sales and in subscriptions have been remarkable. And these are due only to the new life and real merit. The Cosmopolitan is printing WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT. It contains regularly the best fiction, best special articles on timely topics and best illustrations that money can buy.

Woman's Home Companion.

The Woman's Home Companion is for every member of the family. For our bright, earnest, cultured, home-loving American women it is an ideal entertainer and helper in a thousand congenial ways; but the fathers and brothers and sons join in its perusal by the fireside, and the children eagerly turn to the pages that are written for them.

The issues for the forth-coming year will be unique in conception, and execution, rich and varied in contents, and brilliant with the finest, most elaborate and artistic illustrations obtainable.

Enough said. You need no further introduction to these magazines. They are old friends with whom you are well acquainted.

Business propositions appeal to business people. This is a business proposition, and if those who read are business people, we shall expect to hear from them forthwith.

Don't wait. Remember this offer applies to renewals as well as new subscribers, and that the publishers of the magazines will not allow us to extend this offer but a few weeks.

Your name and address on the accompanying coupon, together with \$3.25, entitles you to this offer if sent to the BETHEL NEWS before December 31.

MAGAZINE COUPON.

Enclosed please find \$3.25 in acceptance of your Magazine offer.

Name, _____
Address, _____

MASON.

John Gaul is working for Ernest Morrill.

Lizzie Gardner returned home to Montreal, Saturday.

James Uhlman and family took tea at Ernest Morrill's, Sunday night.

Mrs. Minnie Philbrook has been the guest of Mrs. Jennie Hutchinson for a few days.

Jack McKenzie got thrown from a load of wood, Monday, and hurt his knee quite badly.

Marion Bean visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Addison Bean of West Bethel, a few days last week.

Douglas Cushing and wife went to North Waterford, Sunday, to see Mrs. Cushing's sister, Mrs. P. W. Saunders.

How to Avoid Pneumonia.

We have never heard of a single instance of a cold resulting in Pneumonia or other lung trouble when Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken. It not only stops the cough, but heals and strengthens the lungs. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered. Dr. C. J. Bishop of Agnew, Mich., writes: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case." Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy.

GRAFTON.

Berto Brooks and Elmer Parker shot a large deer recently.

Will Otis has been home on a short visit from Rangeley.

Ernest Farrar is working with his team in Cambridge, N. H., for W. H. Hawkins.

Charles Webster, one of the last of J. W. Chapman's boarders, returned to his home in Lisbon, with two deer.

John, Jack and Ernest Clayton, who have been boarding at O. W. Brooks', have returned home with two deer.

There has been large number of hunters in town during the open season and the most of them have been very successful.

School closed Dec. 15, after a very successful term of fifteen weeks, taught by Sadie Murphy of Carmel.

Marguerite Decker, a little girl six years old, living two and one-half miles from the schoolhouse, has not been absent a day during the term. Carlene Thompson, another little girl eight years old, has walked a mile to school and has been absent but one day.

A Hard Thinker.
Redd—Do you ever stop to think when you are out in your automobile—
Greene—Yes, I often stop, and when I do I think hard.—Yonkers Statesman.

ALBANY.

Eli Stearns of Bethel was in town, Saturday, on business.

What deer there are left in the woods will now have a rest.

Joseph Carter of Fryeburg was at Abel Andrews', Saturday.

Eben Barker is having all the work he can do in his blacksmith shop.

D. A. Cummings sold a nice yoke of oxen recently to Fred Edwards of Bethel.

Richmond Wescott, a native of Albany, died at his home in Portland, Dec. 11th. He leaves a wife, two sons and one daughter.

The Original.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for FOLEY'S Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy.

Advertise—and the world is with you! Don't and you'll be alone, For the U. S. A. will never pay A cent to The Great Unknown.

A Sanctum View.

Office Boy—Oh, Mr. Scratcher, d'ya mind that man who was in her juss' a little while ago?

Country Editor—Yessiree, I do. That was Mr. Hayseed, and he came in and paid five years' back subscription that I've most run my legs off trying to get. "Well, he'd hardly got out of the office before he was hit by a runaway team an' killed."

"My! My! That's shocking! Well, there's one consolation, anyway. He went straight to Heaven."—N. Y. Weekly.

Badinage.

"I suppose," said Citiman, scornfully, "if you should happen to miss the early evening train you'd be in luck if you got home in time for breakfast." "Oh, worse than that," replied Subbubs, sarcastically. "I believe I'd be late getting home that I'd actually meet myself coming back."—Philadelphia Press.

Might Improve His Looks.

"Do you think distance lends enchantment to the view, dear?" asked the wife of her husband on the deck of the ocean steamer.

"Yes, I do," replied the man, with his hand to his mouth: "I know I'd look a hanged sight better if I were at home."—Yonkers Statesman.

No Doubt.

"I see in the paper here that Mrs. Vanderbilt enthusiastically kissed a pair of horses at the New York horse show."

"And I suppose there were a lot of donkeys standing around who wondered why she didn't kiss them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

Impoverished

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a powerful fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you you need to fertilize it and it the rich, red corpuscles are lacking in it. It may be need a tonic, but more likely need a concentrated fat and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that the label is on the bottle of every bottle of Scott's Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
409 Pearl St., New York
50c. and \$1.00
All Druggists

USE OF WASTE HARDWOOD

By-Products of Michigan Saw
Return Appreciable Money
Profits.

All the world's woodcutters mill millions of feet of lumber every year. Up to the 12 baskets of industrial waste as does a distilling plant in a Michigan town. This establishment has a stock of 80 cords of hardwood, a day of consumed being slabs, clogs, trestles, and other hard offal from logging and lumbering operations. From one cord of this material there is made ten gallons of wood alcohol, 98% per cent, being pure pounds of acetate of lime, quickly added for this purpose, and 50 lbs of charcoal. Every product of wood except the charcoal passes the form of gas and is reduced to filtration. Some irreducible gas a little tar product are used as fuel. The loss is lost. The alcohol is worth two cents a gallon, and the coal is worth ten cents a bushel. The value of the lime used is worth one-fourth of the value of the acetate. The value of the final product of the refuse wood is, therefore, not far from \$14. The process is not expensive, plant, running at full capacity, will out a product daily worth \$12,000 material that has but little commercial value in its crude form.

Do Not Suppress a Cough

When you have a cough do not suppress it, but remove the cause. The cough is only a symptom of disease, and the disease is what should cure, then the cough will of itself. The most common cause of coughing is a cold. Anodynes promptly suppress the cough, preparations containing chloroform, opium, etc., are used for that purpose but they do not cure the disease. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy of other hand does not suppress cough, but relieves it by removing from the throat and lungs the mucus which obstructs the breathing, allaying the irritation and tickling the throat. It also opens the passages and effectually and permanently cures the cold as well as the cough. For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

Still Attending to Business.
Kentucky has not allowed that about finding diamonds to divert from its accustomed activity in racing horses and producing sour mares. Washington Post.

Swiss Voters.
In Switzerland every male between the ages of 20 and 65 is obliged to vote, unless he be a pauper, criminal or bankrupt. These have no right of voting.

Treeless Islands.
The Falkland Islands have no trees, and are devoted entirely to the rearing of sheep. Their area is a little less than that of Wales.

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Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

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Be sure that this picture is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
409 Pearl St., New York
50c. and \$1.00.
All Druggists.

USE OF WASTE HARDWOOD

By-Products of Michigan Sawmills Return Appreciable Money Profits.

All the world's woodcutters might be millionaires if they knew how to gather up the 12 baskets of industrial crumbs as does a distilling plant in a Michigan town. This establishment has a capacity of 90 cords of hardwood a day, the wood consumed being slabs, crooked logs, treetops, and other hardwood offal from logging and lumbering operations. From one cord of this material there is made ten gallons of wood alcohol, 98% per cent. being pure; 200 pounds of acetate of lime, quicklime being added for this purpose, and 50 bushels of charcoal. Every product of the wood except the charcoal passes off in the form of gas and is reduced by distillation. Some irreducible gas and a little tar product are used as fuel. Nothing is lost. The alcohol is worth 60 cents a gallon. The acetate of lime is worth two cents a pound, and the charcoal is worth ten cents a bushel. The value of the lime used is worth not over one-fourth of the value of the acetate. The value of the final product of the cord of refuse wood is, therefore, not far from \$14. The process is not expensive. The plant, running at full capacity, will turn out a product daily worth \$1,260 from material that has but little commercial value in its crude form.

Do Not Suppress a Cough.

When you have a cough do not try to suppress it, but remove the cause. The cough is only a symptom of some disease, and the disease is what you should cure, then the cough will stop of itself. The most common cause of coughing is a cold. Anodynes will promptly suppress the cough, and preparations containing chloroform, opium, etc., are used for that purpose, but they do not cure the cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy on the other hand does not suppress the cough, but relieves it by removing from the throat and lungs the mucus which obstructs the breathing, and allaying the irritation and tickling in the throat. It also opens the secretions and effectually and permanently cures the cold as well as the cough. For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

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Mr. Petgreave—Inventor

By CHARLES BATTALL LOOMIS
(Author of "Cheerful Americans," etc.)

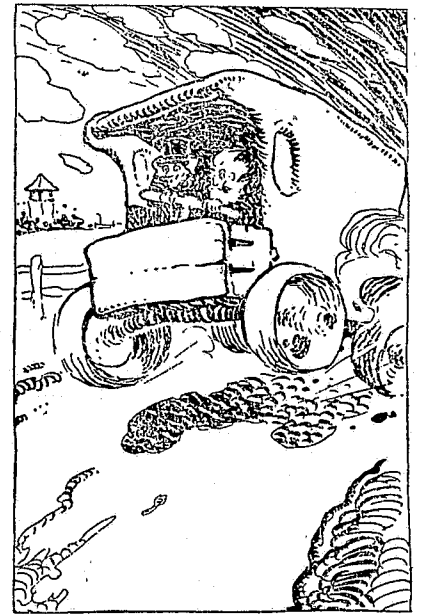
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Mr. Petgreave was an inventor, but not of the Edison-Marconi-Thompson school. His inventions were never quite practicable, and yet I doubt if any inventor ever experienced any more happiness than fell to the lot of Mr. Petgreave. He lived in and with his inventions, and when he had constructed a 21 day clock, whose winding took an hour and a half, he was superlatively joyful, and called in the neighbors to rejoice with him.

And, to their credit be it said, the neighbors did rejoice. Why, Mr. Eliphaz Farnham immediately ordered a similar clock and made his son custodian of it. He said it would be something in the nature of a disciplinary process for him to wind it. The boy hated the idea, after he had wound the clock once, and folks say he constructed a machine to do the winding in five minutes; but I don't like to believe it, for Mr. Petgreave had worked something like a year on the construction of his clock, and it showed a want of sympathy in a boy to try to improve on the invention of an old man.

Then there was the balloon that Mr. Petgreave invented for the purpose of making it easier for house painters to raise their ladders. It was about as big bodied as an elephant, and it cost something like \$50 to construct it. When the day for its exhibition came it was hitched by a hook to the top-most rung of the biggest ladder in town—one owned by the fire department, requiring two men to raise it ordinarily.

The balloon did all that was expected of it, and more. It took less than an hour to fill the big silk bag, and



THE VEHICLE MOVED.

after that, so well had Mr. Petgreave understood its capabilities, it did not take a minute for the ladder to begin to rise.

But Mr. Petgreave had been so intent on raising the ladder that he had not reflected on the balloon. He should have tied a rope to it in order to control it, but he had neglected to do so. So the balloon went on up with the ladder and stove a hole in the cupola of the town hall, and then sailed over toward East Dayton, and descended in Patterson's meadows, and they had to send the hook and ladder company after it in order to recover it.

Then there was his washing machine to save poor people from working too hard. He gave an exhibition of that in the town hall. Dayton people never derided Mr. Petgreave. He was a lovable, absent-minded old man, and I think he must have had a certain amount of magnetism about him, because whenever he announced in the Dayton Independent that he was going to give an exhibition of a new invention, he called out pretty much every man, woman and child in the three Daytons.

People knew that whatever might be lacking in his inventions, they would at least work. And so it was with his washing machine.

Mrs. Tom Beverly allowed him to wash the Beverly undergarments in his exhibition trial. The machine was constructed on much the same plan as the machines that have since come into general use, only it was much bigger. The cylinder was as big as a hoghead, and the motive power was Mr. Petgreave's old white mare, Nance.

There were ten in the Beverly family; two parents, and the rest children; and they had always found it hard to make both ends meet. It was really a kindly act in Mr. Petgreave to do their washing for them.

The clothes were put in, the soap and the boiling water were added and then the lid was put on and Mr. Petgreave chirruped to his horse and he began to walk the length of the room; the rope to which he was hitched began to turn a windlass that was connected by what he called "multiple cogs" to the axle of the washing machine, and the cylinder revolved like lightning.

I remember that the exhibition was a complete success as far as the work was concerned. There were only two faults to be found with the machine; most poor people could not afford to buy a horse in order to run it—Mr. Petgreave admitted with a winning smile that he had not thought of that, owning a horse himself—and the clothes were reduced to fragments.

The Beverlys felt that they had contributed to the cause of science, and the Ladies' Aid society bought them new undergarments, and the old ones, perfectly clean and consisting, when dried, of fragments not larger than a

half dollar, were exhibited in the window of Barton & Hadley's drug store. They were white as snow—those that were not red, and there is no question but that they were absolutely clean.

It is my humble opinion that some one cribbed Mr. Petgreave's idea and modified it somewhat, for it was not a year after that before a clothes washer that did not need a horse to run it and that did not shred the clothes was on the New England market, and I understand that the inventor made a fortune out of it. But Mr. Petgreave did not care. He had enough to eat and enough to wear and all out doors to roam in when he was not working in his little shop; his head was in the clouds all the while.

At least five years before automobiles were an accepted fact it was rumored that Mr. Petgreave was at work in his brother's big barn on a wagon that would run over the roads without visible means of locomotion. At last Mr. Petgreave announced through the medium of the Dayton Independent that he would give an exhibition of his new "locomotorator" at the Oak Hill race track on Washington's birthday.

Pretty much everybody who was anybody and all who were nobodies went out to the race track the afternoon of the day appointed.

At last a great cheering announced the arrival of Mr. Petgreave and his locomotorator, which enormous and somewhat unwieldy vehicle was drawn to the track by two of his brother's farm horses. Mr. Petgreave had something of a sense of the dramatic fitness of things, and he did not wish to begin his exhibition too soon.

The old man had announced that the machine would go once around the track, so when he got opposite the judge's stand he unhitched the horses, which had been attached to the vehicle by means of a rope tightly bound around the body of it. The three selectmen, the pastor of the First church and old Dr. Wharton sat in the judge's stand. Dr. Wharton was an old sport and did not look out of place up there, but Rev. Mr. Melvil did. Perhaps that is why Mr. Petgreave with a smile invited him to come down and ride with him.

The pastor stepped into the "locomotorator," followed by the silver-haired inventor; the doctor gave the signal to start by firing off a pistol, and then, amid the silence of the assembled multitude, the machine—did not go.

There was not a person there who was not sorry for Mr. Petgreave at that moment.

But in about a minute the wish to see the locomotorator move was gratified.

No smoke curled up from anywhere; no odor tagged behind; there was no whirr of electricity. But the locomotorator began to move. There were internal noises, loud and heavy and possibly disconcerting to some of the women spectators, but the vehicle moved; and not only moved, but went at the rate of at least eight miles an hour.

Here at last was a complete triumph for the old man, said everyone to his neighbor. A fortune awaited him if the machinery did not prove to be too complicated. The vehicle was as big as a circus van, but that very fact made the triumph greater. If so big a thing could move so fast, a smaller one would go faster, unless the machinery were necessarily cumbersome.

Everybody who was anybody, and all the nobodies, cheered themselves hoarse, and Mr. Petgreave looked out of the coach window and smiled a happy smile that lasted all the way around the track.

The locomotorator returned to its place of departure, easily, swiftly and with no screw, nut or bolt loose.

At that time automobiles were still largely things on paper, but here was an old man who had invented one! Dayton, all the Daytons, went wild. The inventor and the pastor stepped from the vehicle and were immediately surrounded by a howling crowd; men, women and children swarmed over the railing of the grand stand in order to inspect the machine at close range. The selectmen and the doctor came down the outside of the judge's stand in their eagerness to grasp the hand of the local great man. People shook hands with each other; men slapped women on the backs; small boys punched each other's heads and laughed over it, and Washington's birthday attained a new importance.

And then dear old Mr. Petgreave, his head more over on one side than ever, his hair dancing on his coat collar, his eyes blazing with excitement, led the way to the locomotorator and said:

"My friends, this is the happiest day of my life. There is no secret that I want to keep about the mechanism of this thing. It's perfectly simple. What I have made, others can make. The wonder is that no one ever thought of it before. I don't even mean to get out a patent. I give my invention to the American people!"

He stepped to the back of the vehicle and then we noticed for the first time that there was a big door in it. He put his hand into his pocket, drew out a key, unlocked the door and opened it.

It was not steam; it was not gasoline; it was not electricity; it was not clock work that supplied the motive power.

It was a treadmill worked by Mr. Petgreave's old white mare, Nance.

Mother Earth Shaking Herself. Mother Earth appears to be going through a series of lively tremors. The recent disastrous earthquakes in Italy have been followed by a number of less serious perturbations, while Cuba, Jamaica and other places on this side of the hemisphere are having a lively shakeup. The connection which seems to exist between these manifestations at widely different points is a subject of great interest to students of seismology.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Yeast—What happens when your wife loses her temper?
Crimsonbeak—Oh, I get it!

It invigorates, strengthens and builds up. It keeps you in condition physically, mentally and morally. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. The Wiley Pharmacy.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

Blox—Does De Auber paint for a living?

Knox—Judging by his pictures, he evidently doesn't.

You will not find beauty in rouge pot or complexion whitewash. True beauty comes to them only that take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It is a wonderful tonic and beautifier. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. The Wiley Pharmacy.

Bocker—Yes; the janitor lives on the top floor, so the steam is always on and the elevator always running.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulets act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

"That Mrs. Sawbones always alludes to her husband as 'the dear doctor.'"

"Well, that's the kind of a doctor he is."

Perfection can only be attained in the physical by allowing Nature to appropriate and not dissipate her own resources. Cathartics gripe, weaken—dissipate, while DeWitt's Little Early Risers simply expel all putrid matter and bile, thus allowing the liver to assume normal activity. Good for the complexion. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. DW

Patience—They say popping the question is as hard as pulling teeth.
Patrice—Yes, and both operations are often performed without gas.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

"Old Wilkins says that in his early days he used to follow the horses. 'Do you believe it?'"
"Sure. I've seen him in the patrol wagon many a time."

"Had dyspepsia, or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

"Jones went to Maine to get back to nature."
"Did he?"
"Yes. Got shot by mistake for a deer and now he is buried."

For coughs and colds no remedy is equal to Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. It is different from all others—better, because it expels all cold from the system by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. Affords immediate relief in Croup, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc. Children love it. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. DW

"I mashed my thumb at the office to-day, and you should have heard me holler."

Three little babes were nestled in bed
"I'll name them William, Willie and Bill," mother said;
Wide was her smile, for triplets they be,
She lays her good luck to Rocky Mountain Tea. (Great baby medicine.)
The Wiley Pharmacy.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

We carry a full line of Walk-Over and Fitzju Shoes for men, Soros and Evangeline for women.

Do not forget that we carry the largest line of all kinds of Footwear in the County, and one of the largest in the State. You can find what you want here.

SMILEY'S SHOE STORE,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, MAINE.

E. N. Swett, Mgr. and Salesman.

F. W. Faunce, Salesman

Eastern Telephone Store, 112-3.

E. N. Swett's Residence, 112-12

EVERY DAY SALE.

I will sell at Private Sale at my store on Main St., on

Six Days and Three Nights
in Every Week

everything in a Grocer's outfit including

A choice line of

Frankforts, Bologna Sausage,

Penley's Blue Tagged Smoked Ham,

Pressed Cooked Ham, Salt Pork,

Pickled Tripe, Salt Mackerel,

Luncheon Halibut, Boneless Salt Fish,

Oysters, Clams, and a thousand and

one things too numerous to mention.

Goods delivered at time of sale.

C. A. LUCAS, BETHEL, ME.

CANT DOG STOCKS

AND PICK POLES.

Manufactured and constantly on sale

Address,

H. F. THURSTON,

Newry, Maine.

An Artificial Bloom.

Elia—They say the old style of wearing artificial flowers is coming back. Stella—That will make the roses in your cheeks right in fashion.—Town Topics.

Came High.

"Yes, he's over his head in debt."
"What put him there?"
"His wife's low-necked dresses."—Houston Post.

New Version.

Sophomore—Can't you work the home folks for money?
Junior—No; everybody works but father.—N. Y. Sun.

Prospect Hotel.

FRANK R. GREEN CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Excellent Cuisine,

Steam Heated,

Sanitary Plumbing,

Porcelain Baths.

RATES:

\$2.00 Daily and Upwards.

Special Rates for sojourn of Two Weeks or more.

NEW LIVERY IN CONNECTION

Unsympathetic.

"Please listen, madam," begged the hobo, "to the end story of an unfortunate man. Seven years ago I was wrecked on a desert island in the Pacific. My mates were all drowned, but I was washed ashore—"
"And you haven't been washed since—I see!" said the lady, flippantly.
With a hopeless sigh he turned away.—Cleveland Leader.

The Bethel News

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R. O. BOWLER, Editor.

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If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3, 1906.

STATE PRINTER ON THE DEFENSIVE AGAIN.

Not so Much in His Own Behalf This Time as in the Behalf of the Machine.

The Kennebec Journal, edited by public printer Burleigh, came out, last Saturday with an editorial, "The Plain Facts and Figures about the State Printing Awards," quite as voluminous as those which have appeared in the columns of the News during the past few weeks on State Printing, and in an attempt to prove that we, angered by our disappointment at not getting a portion of the State printing, have twisted our figures and divorced facts from our conclusions, our esteemed contemporary has juggled figures and implied false conclusions even to a greater extent than he has accused us of doing.

There is something the matter with a cause when it has to be bolstered up by unwarranted accusations, clever trickery and misrepresentation printed under the caption of Plain Facts and Figures and sent broadcast over the State of Maine, and it doesn't require a great mind to see, throughout this eight-column editorial, a desperate attempt to vindicate a weak cause by misrepresentations and deception; but if the Editor can get any crumbs of comfort out of his hopes that thousands of people whom he has circularized, or paperized, (and who may never hear the other side) will read his statements and insinuations and believe in the honesty of his position, we are glad of it; for he certainly ought to have something to comfort him after what he has experienced under the flashlights within the past year. The only thing we feel bad about is, that when he was sending marked copies of his paper containing his "Plain Facts and Figures" to every other man, woman, and child in Maine, he should slight the editor of the Bethel News, and we hope that when he feels obliged to defend his off-defended cause again, and sends out his next installment to the other 494,645 inhabitants of Maine, he won't leave out the News editor, even though his argument may bear as plainly the ear marks of deception as does the one just circulated, for it will doubtless be self-destructive as is this one and will not need treatment.

Over three weeks have elapsed since the News made its last statement concerning State printing awards, hence over three weeks have been required for the Journal to conjure up an argument which, though it must of a necessity be deceiving, yet would seem to be fair and to carry conviction, and we doubt not but that the Editor feels that his time has been well spent, and from a self-educational standpoint it evidently has been for it will be remembered that a few months ago he demonstrated to the public that he did not know an em when he met it on the street, while to-day he seems to have quite a rudimentary knowledge of printing especially in its relation to stock and hour work.

His statement reads well, as did the literature which was sent broadcast in his behalf one year ago, when the question of State printing was being agitated. It will be remembered that he was, then as now, on the defensive, and that then, as now, marked copies of the Journal containing a plausible statement concerning State printing from the

standpoint of the State printer, went broadcast; it read well as one sided statements can be made to read, but when the writer of those plausible statements was up against the real thing at the investigation a few weeks later, he was not able to prove as plausible a case. It will be remembered that every trick known to political tactics was resorted to to avoid investigation, but when all attempts failed, and the people from all over the State demanded that a fair investigation be given, and the same was well under way, with startling developments on every hand, the white flag went up. Plausible statements sent broadcast had not converted the public, strong political rings could not turn aside a persistent public seeking truth, dense fumes from political pots could not obscure the lime light, and as stated in the Journal editorial, the State printer was by unanimous consent put down and out.

It then remained for political strategy, so important an agent in the mad attempt to keep him in, to get him back, and here lies the tenderness. In our editorials on State printing we intimated that political favoritism had been a silent agent in making the awards, and the truth cuts deep so by our reference to truth we stirred up just such an hornet's nest at the central station as we expected to do. But why make references, why cut corners and beat around the bush? Every one familiar with Maine politics knows that the power which controls that print shop in which the Editor takes so much pride, has long been a recognized power in the Republican politics of Maine; that around that establishment are barriers which nothing short of a political landslide will break down, and the people of Maine never expected for a minute that the lion's share of the printing would ever leave its political stronghold.

In the first place the specifications were not such as to appeal to the printers of Maine as assuring a fair deal. The printers to whom the marked copy of the Journal has gone and from whom the Editor hopes to win a reputation for honest figuring know this. Over sixty of them sent for the specifications and only six beside Burleigh & Flynt had the moral courage to even put in a bid. There was a reason for this and the people of Maine know full well what that reason is. One printer, one of the most successful and best known in Maine (and none of Brother Burleigh's enemies by the way) told the whole story a few days since when he remarked, "That through those specifications a printer with half an eye to the situation could read, 'We do not want bids from the printers outside of Augusta, and, to tell the truth we do not expect any.'"

While that feeling was common to all, yet a few of us met the requirements and submitted some figures quite confident, it is fair to admit, that the result would be as it was. One of us won out by a big margin, but was turned down with many an "I told you so" from his friends. When we began a bit of investigation, just for our own amusement and to get a few facts for future use, we found some things which were exceedingly interesting and gave them to the public through these columns. Some of the facts were too pertinent and layed bare too many secret moves to leave at rest the mind of the public printer, so he tucks himself away in his sanctum for nearly a month and prepares his destructive missile which he hurls forth with an air of vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the risen State printer.

As before stated, he accuses us of juggling with figures to deceive the public and then throughout his argument seeks to deceive by his figures and inferences to such an extent that his article is plainly condemnatory of his cause and needs not, nor will it receive an extended answer.

We are represented as attempting to deceive the public because we stated and attempted to prove, that although our bid was the lowest on class A, yet the work went to the ring despite the fact that we were emphatically informed before the bids were in, that all work would positively go to the lowest bidders. We also

took occasion to show, that at our bid, the State would not only have saved \$1300, as reported by the Governor and Council, but a considerably larger sum. Because we made these statements we are accused of attempting to deceive the public, and yet, it may be noted by those who have read the Journal's editorial, that the Editor does not squarely deny these facts, and we challenge any printer in Maine or elsewhere to prove by the actual samples and figures that a sum much exceeding \$1300 would not have been saved had class A been awarded to the lowest bidder.

Much is said about our dealing with percentages. The expert printer dealt, entirely with percentages in arriving at his conclusions, and we simply referred to his method as not wholly fair, and even the Journal editor, amid all his fury, does not even claim that the method was fair; neither will the fair minded printers of Maine so claim if they are made familiar with all the facts. But what of Mr. Burleigh's percentages! Just look at them as mathematical demonstrations of fairness.

He would have the people believe that his bid on composition was lower than ours by showing himself lower by 8 1/2 per cent. on tabular work, a class of composition which hardly enters into the work of class A according to the specifications, and by 25 per cent. on hour work, an wholly unknown quantity, and one which figures to a very small extent on jobs which are done by business men for business men. We have heard of this item being taken advantage of in "padding, and we are not prepared to say that it has not often served this purpose in connection with the State printing.

The defendant makes a great hit on stock—by the way, he says the first time we "put out any figures on a certain report we omitted stock entirely. As a matter of fact, we never furnished any figures on said report but once and then we included stock. Only another one of his, you-name-them, that are woven into his deception.—He shows us in error to the extent of \$156.00 on stock alone on one report. We do an annual business of about \$10,000 in first-class book work. It is largely for business people who know a good thing when they see it, who want good work and are willing to pay for it, but who do not want to go to needless expense. We can buy book stock for five cents per pound which suits our most fastidious customers, and could see no reason why the Report of the Labor Bureau should contain anything better than a five cent stock, and figured it so. But it seems that Public Printer Burleigh knows a reason why said report should be printed on 6 1/2 cent stock, at an unnecessary expense of \$156.00. We wonder why! and, as we wonder, we are reminded that the statute price for State printing allowed him fifteen per cent. on all stock which he used in connection with the State printing, hence, the more money he could get into stock, the larger his per cent. of profit, and by furnishing a stock for the book in question, \$156.00 more expensive than good, sound business men would require for first-class work, he makes a clean profit of \$23.40. And, although his printer of twenty-five years' experience has shown that said report, which we figured at \$450.97, actually will cost the State \$652.10, and that our figures were juggled together for deception, yet we are ready to do this same report, on stock which will be acceptable to any sensible business man, and on such conditions as business men have their printing done, for \$450.97, and, if he thinks, we have exchanged juggling for bluffing, we will back this statement any day with a bond to do the work as above stated.

As the defendant sought to mislead the public with his little play on percentages, so his entire discussion would imply that there would actually be no saving to the State at our figures in comparison with the figures of Burleigh & Flynt, and yet the fact remains, that the Governor and Council admit that there would have been a difference of over \$1300. These are some of his plain statements of facts, published for the purpose of correcting the wrong impressions which the News would give the public, and for fear that further reference to our contemporary's masterly effort in the cause of a mislead and deceived public, might seem to him to be further misleading, and thus impose upon him the duty of putting in another month in the behalf of his fellow citizens, we will rest our case and will not even send marked copies to the printers of Maine. We will, however, send one to the editor of the Journal even if his census taker did pass us by.

KENNEBEC JOURNAL'S MARK-ED COPIES SEEM TO BE CUTTING ICE.

Brother Burleigh's "Plain facts and figures" seem to be doing their work. We have just received a letter from one of those Maine printers (not one of the disappointed bidders) to whom a marked copy was sent. After referring to the matter in language which makes us laugh and which we would give for the amusement of the public but for the feelings of our Augusta brethren, he adds:

"Don't lose an opportunity to touch up the 'hoodie' gang even though it does not change things at once; it will in time. 'Let a little daylight' into some of the good, old, stick-to-the-partyites-what-e're-they-do, and some time it will come about that the lowest responsible bidder will get the work."

We are glad that the good Maine publisher still has faith that right will some day prevail, despite political bossism to the contrary, and from the expressions which have come to us from all over Maine during the past few weeks, we are inclined to feel that more people than many might suppose are resolving that they have been stick-to-the-partyites about as long as justice to themselves and the common people of Maine will warrant.

What Maine needs is a citizen's ticket in the next gubernatorial campaign. The Republican party has played politics with the rank and file of the people of Maine about long enough and it is time that the people who have supported it these many years begin to demand justice in place of graft.

Both Showed Lack of Breeding.
An old farmer went to a cattle show to exhibit a favorite cow, for which he had high hopes of winning first prize. On learning the result, and that his cow had been placed fifth, his anger knew no bounds, and, rushing into the ring, he attacked the judges.

"Why is my cow not first? What are her faults, I'd like to know?"

At this point one of the judges approached him and answered: "Her faults, my good man, are some what akin to your own. She lacks good breeding."—Tit-Bits.

Help Wanted.
Old Friend—Well, how is your flying machine getting along?
Inventor—Getting along? I finished that 20 years ago. Every detail is complete. There it stands, ready to go.

Cracky! Why don't you show it to the world?
"Can't. All men are fools."
"What's the matter?"
"Can't find a man anywhere with sense enough to climb up a steeple and try it."—N. Y. Weekly.

Terrible Disappointment.
Mr. Van Tonsleigh—I see that Mrs. De Swellton is dead.

Mrs. Van Tonsleigh (in horror)—Oh, isn't that awful! (Weeps.)
Mr. Van Tonsleigh (in surprise)—Why, I thought she was your most bitter enemy!

Mrs. Van Tonsleigh—Yes, I know; but I did so want her to sit in my new dress next Sunday.—Tit-Bits.

Force of Habit.
"Hand over yer money, an' be quick about it!" said the robber to the cashier.

The bank official sneered coldly. "My dear sir," he said, "how can I give you any money when you haven't been properly identified?"

Pierced to the marrow by the chill professional manner, the footpad slunk guiltily away.—Cleveland Leader.

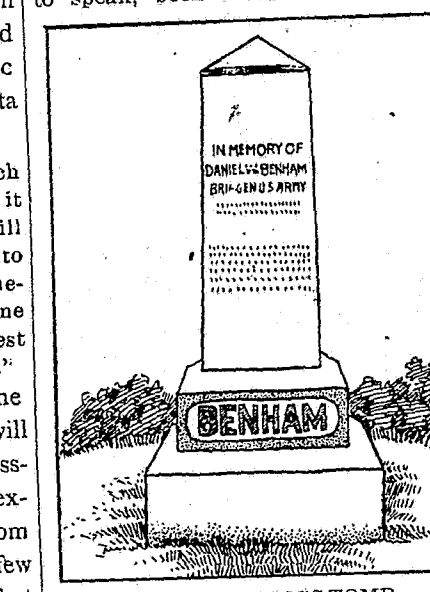


WROTE HIS OWN EPITAPH.

Gen. Daniel W. Benham Makes Certain of His Grave and Tombstone Before Death.

Gen. Daniel W. Benham, U. S. A., retired, who died at Tiffin, O., recently, was buried at Arlington cemetery under peculiar circumstances. His tomb has stood for some time where he now rests, and in the officers' section, a few yards to the left of the main west gate, as one enters the cemetery. This tomb was designed, inscribed and erected under the personal direction of Gen. Benham. The epitaph was written by him and carved on the granite under his supervision.

There are many "tombstones" in Arlington cemetery which have never, so to speak, been occupied. Many of



GEN. BENHAM'S TOMB.

floors of the army and navy have selected the sites for their graves, and some have caused to be erected over these sites "tombstones," duly inscribed with the exception of the date of death.

Gen. Benham two or three years ago caused such a monument to be erected over a grave which he had selected. It is inscribed as follows:

In Memory of DANIEL W. BENHAM, Brigadier General U. S. Army. Born Dec. 23, 1837. Died ————
He was a good citizen, a brave soldier and a devoted Christian. His earthly labors all fought to a close, he rests here in peace under the shade and soil of Arlington until such time as the reveille shall sound for the dead.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

How Old Hannah Saved the Life of One Suffering Soldier Given Up to Die.

The hospitals in Jefferson City were in a fearful condition owing to being so crowded. I cannot stop to tell of all the scenes I saw. It is enough to say that one poor fellow had lain there sick, on the hard boards, and seen five men carried away dead, one after another, from his side. He was worn to a skeleton; worn through so that great sores were all over his back and filthy beyond description. One day a little before my visit, old Hannah, a black woman, who had some washing to do for a doctor, went down the ward to hunt him. She saw this dying man and took pity on him. She said: "Oh, doctor, let me bring this man to my bed and get him off the 'hard floor'!" The doctor said: "The man is dying; he will be dead tomorrow."

The morrow came and old Hannah could not rest till she went down to see the man, and he was still alive. She got some help, took her bed, put the man on it and carried him to her shanty. She then washed him all over as she would a baby, and fed him with a spoon. Thus she fought death day and night until she beat him back and saved the soldier's life. The day before I went to Jefferson City the man had gone on a furlough to his home in Indiana. He begged old Hannah to go with him, but she said she could not spare the time. There was all the washing to do. When she bade him good-by at the steamboat, after seeing him comfortably fixed for his journey, he wept like a child. We have grown noble in our suffering. — Loyal Woman's Scrap Book.

The Baboon Was Happy.
When a battalion of infantry was leaving England the other day for South Africa, a baboon, the regimental mascot, showed an amount of joy that was in striking contrast with the demeanor of most of his military friends. "He knows he's going back home," said a sergeant.

Wants Britain to Pay.
A grandson of Gen. Shrapnell, who invented in 1894 the missile that has cut such a figure in the Russo-Japanese war, is endeavoring to obtain from the British government a part of the \$80,000 septim by him for the benefit of his country.

Soldier's Severe Punishment.
For picking up an apple while on a march and not dropping it immediately when ordered to do so by a sergeant, a soldier of the Sixty-ninth (German) infantry has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment at Treves.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better."
JACOB SHULL, Saratoga, Ind.

50c, 75c, \$1.00, All druggists.

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

And Then She Wept.
"Oh, George, dear," she whispered, when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others were ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear; you overrate me. This is the one I've always used."—Tit-Bits.

Rather Vindictive.
Old Boy—How's this? I hear that you have consented to the marriage of your daughter with young Seekem.

Friend (sullenly)—Yes, I had to, but never mind, just wait. I'll get even with him.

"En? Will you disinherit her?"
"Worse. I'll give her a concert grand piano for a wedding present."
—N. Y. Weekly.

At the Hotel.
Guest—Didn't I telegraph for the best room in the house?

Clerk—Yes, sir.
Guest—Why didn't you save it for me?

Clerk—I've already given the best room in the house to 50 people to-night, and I thought you wouldn't like to be crowded.—Cleveland Leader.

Quite So.
Manager—Your play is wholesome, full of action, well constructed, and even brilliant in places.
Playwright—Then you'll produce it?
How good of you!

Manager—No, I can't afford to. It is neither immoral nor suggestive, so we should be forced to pay for the advertising.—Puck.

Good Place for Him.
Shopwalker—What's to be done with Jenkins, sir? He's turned quite deaf; temporarily, I hope, but still it's awkward, you know.
Proprietor—Oh, Jenkins! Turned deaf, has he? Then send him to the customers' complaint department.—Tit-Bits.

Biff.
A maiden—a maid in a dozen, Refused her red lips to her cozen, But she gave him a smack That made his head crack And set both auriculars bozen.
—Houston Post.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.



Mr. Squalls—Look here, madam, I want to know who is the master of this house.

Mrs. Squalls—You'll be happier if you don't find out.

No Race Suicide for Him.
Weary Willie—So yer don't believe in race suicide?

Frayed Thompson—Nitt! Many a good feed I've got from some woman who said: "Who knows but my boys may be hungry some day?"—Judge.

WANTED AT OUR FACTORY.

Spruce, Fir, Hemlock and Basswood Logs also 150 cords

of Spruce, Hemlock and

Fir, cut 50 inches long.

Bethel Manufacturing

Company,

BETHEL, MAINE.

THE CENTER

at OULAH

A new line of

DELICATE, LASCIVIOUS

All the staple odors of

Carnation Pink,

Ylang Ylang,

Another lot of that Box Station

60 Sheets of Paper and

All Kinds of ENGRAVING

Wedding Invitations, and all

colors and gold. H. S. P.

BETHEL

WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our

Neighbors.

"A Happy New Year" to all.

Evero Towne is visiting relatives and friends in Massachusetts.

There is just enough snow and on the roads for good sleighing.

A. J. Haskell made a business day, was thrown off, bruising his face.

"The oldest inhabitant" of Maine may never have known a December like the one just past, but few find fault with such mild winter weather.

Red Wheeler has left the store.

A. J. Haskell, where he has been employed as clerk, and is driving to Merrill, Springer & Co.

Griffith B. Lowell died at his home near this village Friday, and buried Sunday. He was 72 years of age, and had long been failing in health. He leaves a wife and sons in West Bethel, a daughter in South Paris and two brothers in Massachusetts.

It may not be generally known to those attending the New England Forest and Fish Association's Sportsman's Show in Boston, that the beautiful evergreen and blue trees, old stumps and the cedar fence set up in Mechanic's Hall sent from West Bethel, but this is a fact nevertheless. Two cars were loaded here about the middle of the week, and it is said to be worth going a long distance to see.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local application, as they can reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the Eustachian tube, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

When this tube is inflamed, you find running, sore, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Cases of deafness are caused by Catarrh of the Eustachian tube, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars to any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh of the Eustachian tube) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"It's just like you to do it at office instead of at home where you would amuse baby."

Knicker—So Jones has planned mode apartment house?

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

NORTH BETHEL.

Miss Minnie McKeen and Mr. Fred J. McKeen of Lynnhville visited Mrs. Guphill, Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Clark of Bethel has been visiting in town for a few days.

Mr. H. R. Goodwin remains about the same.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Abbott

Rumford were at Mrs. Chapman's one day last week.

Ayer's Pi

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black?

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

The Bad Boy Feeds Cayenne Pepper to the Sacred Cow—He and His Pa Ride in a Circus Parade with the Circassian Beauties—A Tipsy Elephant Lands Them in a Public Fountain—Pa Makes the Acquaintance of John L. Sullivan.

I am learning more about animals every day, and when the season is over I will be an expert animal man. Animals naturally have a language of their own, and lions understand each other, but in a show, all animals seem to have a common language, so they understand each other a little.

I found that out when I put a paper of cayenne pepper into a head of let-

The big elephant is one of the best ring performers, but he has always been steady in the street parade, with the light of Asia on his back. We got to the edge of town and stopped to let the rear wagons close up, and were in front of a saloon, where the bartender had been emptying stale beer out of the bottoms of kegs into a washtub, which was standing on the sidewalk, ready to be sold to people who buy it in pails.

Well, sir, that confounded elephant got his trunk in that tub of stale beer, and he never took it out till the beer was all gone. I looked down from the pagoda and told pa the elephant was drinking again, and had drunk a washtub of beer, but pa couldn't say anything, 'cause he was doing the Arab-sheik act, and had to look dignified, as though he was praying to Allah.

But just then the band struck up, and we started down the main street of Steubenville. The people began to cheer, 'cause our elephant began to hippity-hop, and waltz sideways across the street and back again, and I thought pa would die. In the parade one man on a horse attends to the elephants, so the sheiks don't have anything to say, and pa remained like a statue, and told me and the Circassian beauties to be calm, and trust in him and Allah. This Allah business was all right when the elephant waltzed, but when we got to the next block the beast began to stand on his hind feet,

seemed as though he never would get through using pa for a mop, but finally the people got a rope around pa, and a keeper got an iron hook in the elephant's ear, and they pulled pa out on one side, and got the elephant away on the other side, and just then the calloppo, that ends the parade, came by us and played the "Blue Danube," and the elephant got on his hind feet and waltzed on the pavement. They put pa and the Circassian beauties in a patrol wagon and took them to the show lot, and I sat by the driver, and he let me drive the team.

Pa had his sheik clothes rolled up around his waist, and was wringing them out, and talking awful sassy, and when we got to the lot it took a long time to convince the policemen that we were not guilty of disorderly conduct, and just then the elephant came tearing by us, with the keeper on horseback behind him, prodding him in the nam every jump with a sharp iron, and he went through the side of the tent as though he was mighty sorry he didn't kill us all.

They made him get down on his knees and bellow in token of surrender, and then we all went and changed our clothes for the afternoon performance. As we passed through the menagerie tent, dripping every animal set up a yell, as much as to say: "There, maybe you will give cayenne pepper to a pious sacred cow again, confound you," and that convinces me that animals are human.

The last week has been the hardest on pa of any week since we have been out with the circus. The trouble with pa is that he wants to be "Johnny on the spot," as the boys say, and if anything breaks he volunteers to go to work and fix it, and if anybody is sick or disabled, he wants to take their place, as he says so he will learn everything about the circus, and be competent to run a show alone next year.

But it was a mean trick the principal owner of the show played on pa at Canton, O. You see John L. Sullivan used to do a boxing act with this show, years ago, and everybody likes John, and when he shows up where the show gives a performance he has the freedom of the whole place, and everybody about the show is ready to fall over themselves to do John L. a service.

Well, Sullivan showed up at Canton, and he went everywhere, all the forenoon, and met all the old timers, and at the afternoon performance he was awfully jolly.

John was standing beside the ring when the Japanese jugglers were juggling, and he leaned against a pole. Pa came in from the menagerie tent, and he didn't know Sullivan, and when he saw Sullivan holding the pole up, pa said to the boss proprietor that the fat man who was interfering with the show ought to be called down, or put out.

The boss said to pa: "You go take him by the ear and put him out," and pa, who is as brave as a lion, started for Sullivan, and the boss winked at the other circus men, and pa went up to Sullivan and took hold of John's neck with both hands, and said: "Come on out of here."

Well, sir, we ought to have moving pictures of what followed. Sullivan turned on pa, and growled just like a lion. Then he took pa around the waist and held him up under his arm, and picked up a piece of board and slapped pa just as though pa was a child, and the audience just yelled, and pa called to the circus men for help, but they just laughed.

Pa got a chance at the fat man and he hit him in the jaw, but it did not hurt Sullivan, only made him mad. He took pa up by the collar and whirled him around until pa was dizzy, and then he started with him for the menagerie tent, and called to the boss canvasser: "Bill, come on and tell me which is the hungriest lion, and I will feed him with this cold meat."

Pa yelled 'cause he thought he was in the hands of an escaped lunatic, and the circus hands came and took him away. Then the owner told pa who Sullivan was, and pa almost fainted. But finally, after breathing hard for awhile, pa went up to Sullivan and shook his hand, and said: "Mr. Sullivan, you must excuse me. If I had known you were the great John L., I would not have licked you." Sullivan looked at pa and said: "Well, you are a wonder, old man, and you did do me up," and pa and Sullivan became great friends. Since then pa is pretty chummy, 'cause the circus men point him out to the jays as the man who whipped John L. Sullivan.

Expert Smokers. The Japanese are experts on smoke rings, and it is said in Japan it is considered no uncommon trick to blow three rings of smoke in succession, the second traveling through the first and the third through both. Some stage performers are credited with becoming so expert in smoke blowing that they are not only able to multiply the number of rings thus made, but actually form Japanese characters representing words and sentences. One Japanese juggler, it is declared, proposed to his wife by forming the characters representing his avowal of love through a thin stream of smoke.

Going for the Doctors. The Zurich city fathers, after having successfully devoted attention to hygiene, pure water, and unadulterated food, have now tackled what has been facetiously called "the final menace to public health—the doctors." Henceforth to the physician and surgeon Zurich will be a closed borough. Forty members only of the profession have been approved by the municipality, salaried at the rate of \$500 per annum and told to attend patients gratis. The necessary annual fund is to be raised by a poll-tax of four francs each of the 112,000 inhabitants.—American Medicine.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Miss S. A. Thompson has been spending a few days in Lewiston.

Mrs. Frank Rigby of Belfast is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Theodore Hawley is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Markle of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Lowell of Hallowell has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. K. Day, the past week.

Mr. A. Packard and wife of Canton are spending a few weeks with their sons and daughter of Mexico.

George K. James and wife of Meridith, N. H., are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. F. E. Wheel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hutchins of New London, Conn., and Mrs. C. M. Murphy of Norway are the guests of G. A. Peabody and wife.

N. Dayton Bolster of South Paris was in town, a few days last week.

A very acceptable Christmas present in the form of a \$100 check was received by Mr. Swind from his employer, Mr. Harry Marx. This is a most excellent testimony of the satisfaction Mr. Swind has given for the past nine years that he has been in Mr. Marx's employ.

When bilious try a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and realize for once how quickly a first-class up-to-date medicine will correct the disorder. For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

WATERFORD.

Herbert Whitcomb visited Norway, Monday.

Clarence Wiggins visited at North Waterford, Monday.

Mrs. Mary Martin visited Mrs. Cyrus Greene last week.

Mamie Rouds is home for a vacation. She arrived last Thursday night.

A Mr. Chapman of Auburn is canvassing for nursery stock in this vicinity.

Mrs. E. L. Stone returned last Tuesday from a visit to her parents in Patnam, Conn.

Master Winnie Knight, Mary Dresser, Bertha Bell and Master Lawrence Marston recently passed the examinations to go to the North Bridgton Academy.

There will be a Circle at the vestry, Wednesday, Jan. 3, if pleasant. It will be entertained by Mrs. Millett and Mrs. Whitcomb.

Mr. Wm. S. Crane of California, Md., suffered for many years from rheumatism and lumbago. He was finally advised to try Chamberlain's Pain-Balm, which he did and it affected a complete cure. This liniment is for sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.



Col. Brown—And so you quarreled with young Jones because he put his arm round your waist?

Miss O'Connell—He didn't put his arm round my waist, but he tried.

Col. Brown—Yes, of course, that's what I mean.

Humanity's Way. Knecker—Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.

Bocker—Neither does woman; she generally takes it back and exchanges it the next morning.—N. Y. Sun.

Even More Foolish. "Seems to me these people who get caught at the losing end of wheelbarrow and such like bets ain't got much sense."

"Granted," responded the practical citizen. "But how about the man who drops a bundle of good hard cash?"—Chicago Sun.

CANTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

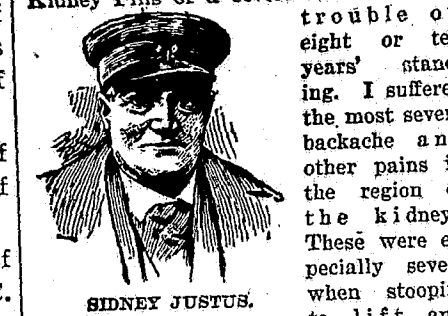
Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams.

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old, Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering.

When suffering daily torture from backache, rheumatic pain, any ill of kidneys or bladder, turn to Doan's Kidney Pills. A cure endorsed by thousands. Read an old man's tribute.

Sidney Justus, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift any-



thing, and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the daytime, but just as bad at night, and I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful, and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Half a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Justus will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.

Had a Close Call. Ezra Thomas, a prospector, ran across a bear and two cubs in the mountain near Redding, Cal., the other day. The bear attacked him and Thomas sent a rifle bullet through her that killed one of the cubs. But she pursued him and climbed a tree after him. She had got her two front paws on the branch where he was, when he cut off the paws with a hatchet he fortunately had in his belt.

Deathbed Toast. Gen. de Sonnaz, the leading member of the Italian senate, who died in Rome recently, was, at his desire, dressed in his general's uniform, with all his medals and decorations, just before he expired. He then called for a glass of champagne, and, with his relatives gathered around his bed, drank a toast: "To the king's health and the prosperity of Italy."

ON YOUR HUNTING TRIP. Be sure to be properly equipped—obtain the STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP. We have a full line of hunting traps, snares, and other hunting equipment. Write for a catalog. STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP. STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP. STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP.



ON YOUR HUNTING TRIP. Be sure to be properly equipped—obtain the STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP. We have a full line of hunting traps, snares, and other hunting equipment. Write for a catalog. STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP. STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP. STEVENS' HUNTING TRIP.

A handsome and useful CHRISTMAS GIFT. THE KROCKER FOUNTAIN PEN. You blow IT to fill. You blow IT to empty. You blow IT to clean. You blow IT to sell.

See IT. Buy IT. Try IT. You will like IT. PRICES: \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50. Fully Guaranteed. Manufactured by S.C. Crocker Pen Co., 79 Nassau St., New York.

For Sale by EDWARD KING, Bethel, Maine. Medol Dyspepsia Cure. Digests what you eat.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

The genuine FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a Yellow package. Refuse imitations.

Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago. For Sale by G. R. Wiley.



E. E. WHITNEY & Co. Marble & Granite Workers.

Chaste Designs. First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work. Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.

Rocky Mountain T. S. Nuggets. A Great New Discovery. For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

FOR SALE. The Ryerson Place in Bethel. Fine Country Place in Mayville, near Bethel. About 135 acres, 35 tillage, 100 pasture, wood and timber. Cuts a good lot of hay. In good cultivation. Large two-story house with spacious ell and shed connected, 25 rooms; 2 large barns, 40x100 and 30x75. Water in house and barn. All in excellent repair. House has been used as hotel by owners, but was built for private house. Has been much improved lately. Location is unexcelled for health, business, home life, or summer resort. Situated in the bend of the river, with fine view of the mountains; fronted by broad level intervals, backed by fine forests; first class community.

Upon the farm is the trotting course of the Riverside Park Association which with all buildings, goes with the farm. One of the most attractive and desirable places in the State. Excellent for summer boarders. Owner sells because the recent death of her son renders her unable to manage place. Price, \$10,000 on easy terms. Apply to HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

Farm for Sale. A nice farm situated in Lewiston within three miles of the city, on electric road; fifty acres of land, about equally divided as to pasture and tillage land; has thirty or forty fruit trees; a spring of pure water near house, also nice well water, excellent set of farm buildings including large hen house, new; cellar under house, all stable; excellent land to cultivate; and cuts twenty-five tons of hay; early land, and excellent markets for vegetables, berries and all farm produce; never failing brook runs through the pasture. Will sell at a bargain and on easy terms. For particulars inquire of, or address, E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Maine.

Early Risers. THE FAMOUS LITTLE PILLS. For quick relief from Biliousness, Sick Headache, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Dizziness, and all troubles arising from an inactive or sluggish liver, DeWitt's Little Early Risers are unequalled.

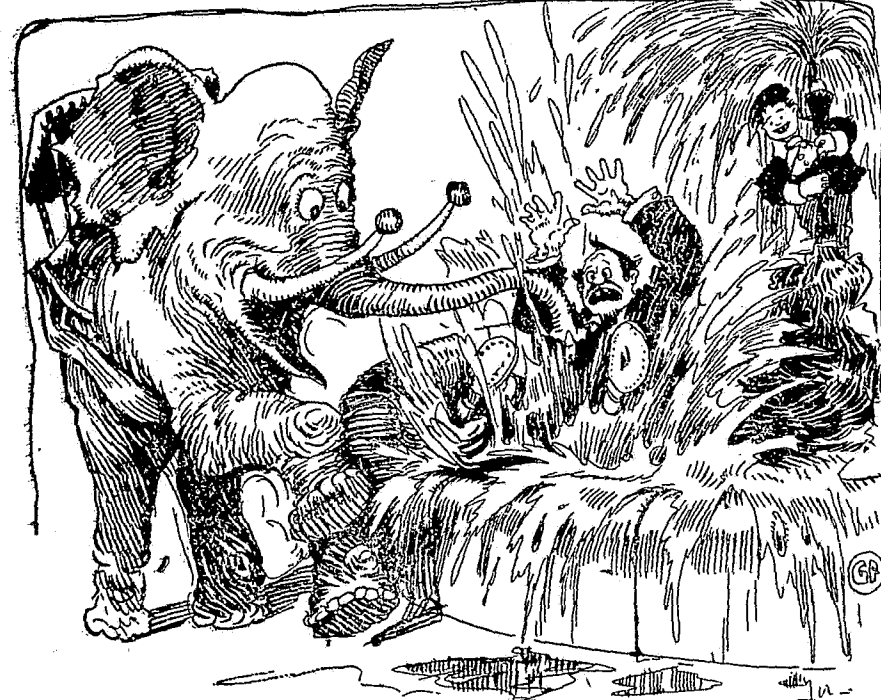
They act promptly and never gripe. They are so dainty that it is a pleasure to take them. One or two act as a mild laxative; two or four act as a pleasant and effective cathartic. They are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They tonic the liver.

PREPARED ONLY BY E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

For Sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel, Me.

There goes B Jones the poet. I think the fire of genius burns in his breast, don't you?

"No, I think it's the gnawing of hunger in his stomach."



The Elephant Kept Ducking Pa and Swabbing Out the Bottom of the Fountain.

tuce and gave it to the sacred cow. She chewed the lettuce as peacefully as could be, and swallowed the cayenne pepper, and then stopped to think. You could tell by the expression on her face that when the pepper began to heat her up inside she wanted to swear, although she was a sacred cow. She humped herself, and shivered, and then bellowed like a calf who has been left in the barn to be weaned, while its mother goes out to pasture, and the sacred bull, her husband, he came and put his nose up to her nose, as much as to say: "What is the matter, dearie?" and she talked sacred cattle talk to him for a minute, and then the bull turned to me, and chased me out of the tent. Now, as sure as you live that cow told the bull that I had given her something hot. All the animals within hearing were on to me, and they would snarl, and make noises when I came along, and act as though they wanted to



John L. Slatted Pa Just as Though He Was a Child.

make me understand that they knew I gave that cow a hot box, and they all wanted to get a chance at me. They don't like pa any better than they do me, and the big elephant seems to have been laying for pa ever since he run the sharp iron into him, the time he got on a tear and tried to run a town. When the elephants are performing in the ring, they all have an eye on pa, so everybody notices it. I knew something would happen to pa, so when the man who plays the sheik, and rides the elephant in the street parade, in a howdah, with a canopy over it, with some female hours in it, and they called for a volunteer to do the sheik act, at Steubenville, and pa offered to do the stunt, I went along as an Egyptian girl, 'cause I knew there would be something doing.

The elephant eyed pa when he got up into the howdah on top of him, with the Circassian women and me, and winked at the other elephants, as much as to say: "Watch my smoke." As he went out from the lot, on the way downtown, ahead of the bunch, all the other animals acted peculiar, and seemed to say: "He will get his before we get through this parade."

a drink, when all of us on the pagoda, along to pa, and we all slid right off into the big basin of water. The fountain played on us, and pa was under water, with the four Circassian beauties, and when we rolled or slid down over the elephant's head, he looked at us and seemed to chuckle: "What you getting off he e for, the show ain't half out."

Well, the parade went on and left the elephant and the rest of us at the fountain, and to show that animals understand each other, and can appreciate a joke, every animal that passed us gave us the laugh, even the hippopotamus, which opened his mouth as big as a tunnel, and showed his teeth, and acted as though he would like to exchange tanks with us.

The circus people that could be spared from the wagons came to help us, and the citizens helped out the Circassian beauties who were praying to Allah, and wringing out their clothes, and I crawled up on the neck of a cast-iron swan in the fountain. Pa yelled and talked profane, and told 'em to bring a cannon and kill the elephant, which kept ducking him, with his trunk, and swabbing out the bottom of the fountain basin with pa. It

THE HOM

Courage.

BY HINCH NEAL

How weary, struggling, does the battle wax too mirage-like seem the

How hast panted for so the tale of noble live

Who have wrought the example long surviv

Over deed of hand or pe

After let the building fa

Parcements crumble int

Be betrayal of thy trust

It shall not! Nau

Can be beautiful or stro

Unless purity of heart

Range the statue and the

thou artist! and thy t

Fashioning some faulty

another shall appear

Impulse, action, though

is lake or river clear

Mirrored mountains ge

Rules for Card I

Times change and

years makes a differ

of social etiquette, and

card leaving, which, i

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ships are formed and

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A married woman

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Cards should never
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of business. Such
include a visit to a s
lawyer, a call to ask
of a servant or to lo
With regard to lea
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entertainments, our
forces that they sho
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garden parties, but
or luncheons.
Bringing Up
"Who," says F
when watching a m
fallen little one, has
both in the rough n
sharply uttered ex
stupid little thing
foretelling endless f
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even more force ha
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of many parents a
the effective instill
the exact contrary
stantly repeated
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writes Richard A
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posterous princ
must be made to
never yield to th
way of making
yielding." The c
after day to be y
after hour the grow
somerly iterate pr

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

The original
Cough Remedy.
The genuine
Foley's Honey and Tar is
the only one that cures
coughs, colds, and
bronchitis. Prepared only by
Foley & Company, Chicago.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Cures and beautifies the hair,
promotes its growth,
keeps it from falling out,
and restores its natural color.
It is the only hair balm
that cures dandruff, itching
scalp, and all other
hair troubles. Price, 25c.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

E. WHITNEY & Co.
BETHEL, ME.
Marble & Granite
Workers.
Best Designs.
First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly
answered. See our work.
Get our prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
E. WHITNEY & CO.

HOLISTE
Rocky Mountain Tea
Cures all ailments of the
digestive system, indigestion,
heartburn, flatulence, and
all other troubles of the
stomach. It is the only
tea that cures these
troubles. Price, 25c.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

FOR SALE.

The Ryerson Place in Bethel.
A Country Place in Mayville, near
Bethel. About 135 acres, 35 tillage, 100
acres of wood and timber. Cuts a good lot
of lumber. In good cultivation. Large two-
house with spacious ell and shed con-
taining 25 rooms; 2 large barns, 40x100 and
Water in house and barn. All in
good repair. House has been used as
a summer resort for health, business,
life, or summer resort. Situated in
the heart of the river, with fine view of the
mountains; fronted by broad level intervals,
and by fine forests; first class communi-
cation to the farm is the trotting course of
the Ryerson Park Association which with
its holdings, goes with the farm. One of
the most attractive and desirable places in
the State. Excellent for summer boarders.
Sells because the recent death of her
owner renders her unable to manage place.
\$10,000 on easy terms. Apply to
HERRICK & PARK,
Bethel, Me.

Farm for Sale.

A fine farm situated in Lewis-
town in three miles of the city,
about three miles of the city,
equally divided as to pas-
ture and tillage land; has thirty
fruit trees; a spring of
water near house, also nice
water, excellent set of farm
buildings including large hen-
house; cellar under house, oil
cistern; excellent land to culti-
vate; early land, and excellent
land for vegetables, berries,
etc. Will sell at a bargain and
on easy terms. For particulars in-
quire of, or address,
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For quick relief from Biliousness,
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Prepared only by
J. D. WITT & Co., Chicago.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel, Me.

There goes B Jones the poet. I
the fire of genius burns in his
don't you?"
I think it's the gnawing of
in his stomach."

THE HOME.

Courage.

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON.
How weary, struggling soul?
Does the battle wax too strong?
Does the mirage-like seem the goal
You have panted for so long?
The tale of noble lives!
Who have wrought the most for men?
Their example long survives
Over deed of hand or pen.
Let the building fall,
Parachutes crumble into dust,
The payment for it all
Be the betrayal of thy trust.
It shall not! Naught in art
Can be beautiful or strong,
Unless purity of heart
Shape the statue and the song.
Be thou artist! and thy task
Fashioning some faulty clay
To beauty. Wilt thou ask
Thy poor silver here, to-day,
Another shall appear
Impulse, action, thought of thine,
As in lake or river clear
Mirrored mountains gently shine.
—Success.

Rules for Card Leaving.
Times change and every few
years makes a difference in the rules
of social etiquette, and this applies to
card leaving, which, in point of act,
is the basis or rock on which friend-
ships are formed and acquaintances-
hips are maintained. As a conse-
quence, any neglect of this business
or mistake in its performance is apt
to tell unfavorably against the per-
petrator of the offense. The broad,
general rules of card-leaving are as
follows:—

A married woman leaving cards
upon another married woman leaves
one of her own and two of her hus-
band's. If the friend called upon is
a widow or single woman, the visitor
should leave her own card, but only
one of her husband's. In the case
of the lady who pays the visit being
herself single or a widow, she natu-
rally only leaves her card. If she
be a widow with a daughter, the
daughter's name should be printed
below that of her mother on the lat-
ter's visiting card. Some exercise
that freedom of sex in the matter of
card leaving and prefer to do the
business or leave it undone at their
own great pleasure.

Some people seem to be in doubt
if a card or cards should be left in
the event of the lady called upon be-
ing found at home. The answer is,
certainly not. The still, small voice
of common sense must surely be
heard to whisper "Why should cards
be left if the friend is found at home
and the visit duly paid?" Then the
question of "sending in" cards
seem to disturb the minds of many.
Cards should never be "sent in" ex-
cept when a call is made on a matter
of business. Such occasions as this
include a visit to a strange doctor or
lawyer, a call to ask for the character
of a servant or to look over a house.
With regard to leaving cards after
entertainments, our social law en-
forces that they should be left after
entertainments, our social law en-
forces that they should be left after
balls, dinners, parties, weddings and
garden parties, but never after teas
or luncheons.

Bringing Up Children.

"Who," says Herbert Spencer,
when watching a mother snatch up a
fallen little one, has not often traced,
both in the rough manner and in the
sharply uttered exclamation, "You
stupid little thing!" an irascibility
foretelling endless future squabbles?
Who, again, it may be asked with
even more force has not recognized in
the obstinate and perverse ways of
many parents and grandparents the
effective instilling by example of
the exact contrary of the lesson con-
stantly repeated in precept? The
blindness of some of this matter,
writes Richard A. Proctor, is so
strange that it is apt to provoke a
smile even while rousing just indig-
nation when its consequences are
considered. I have heard a person
proclaim loudly the perfectly pre-
posterous principle. "Children
must be made to obey; you must
never yield to them; it is the only
way of making them docile and
yielding." The child is told day
after day to be yielding, but hour
after hour the grown folks who wear-
somerly iterate precepts of docility

teach the child with tenfold more
efficacy by example to be obstinate
and even violent. I have heard the
mother of grown-up children say: "I
never yield to my children in any-
thing; I was resolved to make them
yield to me in all things, or I would
know the reason why," her voice
raising in angry tones as the mere
thought of opposition to her will
arose in her mind, and one could see
in the inflamed face and angry eyes
the evidence of the defects which
should have been controlled in her-
self before she could hope to correct
them, even by the most careful train-
ing, in such of her children who in-
herited like defects from her. It
never occurred to her, apparently,
that setting an example of obstinacy
and even of increasing violence was
not quite the best way to correct the
children's tendency to the same
faults. A complacent assurance pre-
vailed in her mind that by setting
an example of obstinate perversity
she could certainly train her chil-
dren to be kindly and considerate.

More men are physically ruined
by gluttony or improper eating than
by liquor. The richest man on
earth is he who has a first-class di-
gestion and is master of it.

TOO SERIOUS.

It takes a great deal of sunshine
to produce a perfect peach or a per-
fect rose. The sunshine will do
what clouds can not do. It is the
sunshine that gives the inimitable
tint of beauty to fruit and flower.

No character is complete which
lacks moral sunshine. Many a man
has failed because he was too serious
because he thought that life was too
important and too short "to be trifled
with," as he put it. But the fact is,
the cheerful life is the healthy,
productive life. Cheerfulness is as
necessary to a man as sunshine to
the flower. Nothing normal can be
produced in darkness or in the shade.
Fun is just as necessary to the
normal life as water to the fish, or as
oil is to machinery.

Note it where we will, the smile-
less life, the life which has no
brightness or sunshine, no humor or
gladness—is morbid, sour, pessimis-
tic. It is the joyous life, the cheer-
ful, happy life that is helpful and in-
spiring. This is the sort of life the
world wants. It has too many sour
faces, too many vinegary countenances,
too many critics, too much
pessimism. It wants more sunshine,
more optimism, more joy.

Is it not a pitiable thing to see
people going through life peddling
vinegar, radiating bitterness, criticiz-
ing, finding fault, seeing only the
ugly, ignoring beauty, nagging, wor-
rying, fretting, and tearing down?

Some people seem to have a genius
for seeing the crooked, the ugly, the
disagreeable. There are too many
vinegar peddlers. We need more
joy peddlers, more sunshine makers,
people who ignore the ugly, the bit-
ter, the crooked, but who see the
world of beauty and perfection which
God has made. We need the people
who see the man and the woman
that God made,—pure, clean, sane,
and healthy; not the ugly, diseased,
discordant, criticizing one that sin,
wrong thinking, and wrong living
have made. A man becomes strong
and creative when he sees his fellow-
men and the world as God made
them—but those who look for the
bad, the ugly, the crooked, are never
creative. They are never producers.
They are destroyers. They tear
down.

One Minute Cough Cure contains
not an atom of any harmful drug, and
it has been curing Coughs, Colds,
Croup and Whooping Cough so long
that it has proven itself to be a tried
and true friend to the many who use
it. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy,
DW

KILL THE COUGH
AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH Dr. King's
New Discovery
FOR CONSUMPTION
Coughs and Colds
Price 50c & \$1.00
Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for
THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES,
OR BRONCHITIS.

BEGINNING OF FOOTBALL.

Believed to Have Had Its Origin as
Part of the Sun Worship
of Celts.

A book published at Venice in 1555
by Antonio Coano relates methods of
play in a real football that was actual-
ly called by the same name. The field
"was so large that no one, however
strong, could quite throw a stone from
one end to the other," and it was about
half as wide. Twenty, 30 or 40 persons
could participate on a side, the num-
ber being regulated by the size of the
available field. Goals were set up at
either end. No one was permitted to
strike the ball with the outstretched
arm or with anything he might carry
in his hand. Nevertheless, he was
permitted to "strike the ball with
whatever part of his body that he
pleased." If the ball came rolling to-
ward him he was allowed to kick it,
the inference being that if it were ly-
ing still he could not do so. The field
was divided by a transverse line "into
two equal parts, and in the middle lay
the ball. The players were chosen,
those who were going to make up the
opposing parties, by means of colors,
by which, in the struggle of the con-
test, each could recognize his own side.
When the signal was given by the roll
of the drum or the blast of a trumpet
a player rushed forward, one who had
been chosen by lot to be the first to
kick the ball with his foot. This action
was understood to be the beginning of
the contest, so that after it, it was per-
mitted to no one from either party to
seize it, to strike it, and to drive it as
victor over the goal. It was perhaps
from the method of the beginning of
the game that it was called football.

These Italian games had their origin
in the ancient pastimes of the Greeks
and Romans, and in reality approach
nearer to the modern idea of football
than do the beginnings of the game in
modern countries. Football is believed
by some authorities to have been a
portion of the worship of the Celtic
sun god, one of the rites attendant on
the celebratory ceremonies. Some also
hold a strong belief that its original
form was introduced into England by
the Romans.

IMPOSITIONS IN EATABLES.

Various Articles Sold in France Are
Not What They Are Rep-
resented to Be.

When you order truffles in France
you are not paying for the truffles you
are not paying for. The French people
know that the truffle is at times adul-
terated, and what is palmed off for
truffle, says the New York Times, is
often black rubber or black silk or
softened leather or roasted potatoes,
which are given a peculiar flavor by
adding ether. It is said these substi-
tutes sell well.

In Paris, where snails are very popu-
lar they are adulterated with lungs of
cattle and horses. Even entire snails
are manufactured. The discarded shells
of snails which have been eaten are
recoated with fat and slime and filled
with lung tissue and then sold as Bur-
gundy snails.

French fish dealers smear vaseline
over stale fishes to give them a fresh
appearance. To impart the correct col-
or to the gills of fish which have been
a long time out of the water they paint
the gills with eosin, a coal tar product
having a red color.

Even things made in Germany are
not always what they seem to be. It
is stated that an ordinary liver pat-
ty is made into fine Strasburger pate de
foie gras by means of L. or salicylate
acid, and finely chopped and cleverly
distributed pieces of black silk to rep-
resent truffles.

DURING HOLY PILGRIMAGE.

Sacred Square of Mecca Presents a
Picturesque and Impres-
sive Sight.

Like a gigantic catafalque, somber,
shrouded in mystery, the Kaaba rises
out of the seething sea of white garbed
humanity that crowds the great sacred
square of Mecca, says Everybody's
Magazine. Its door is covered with
plates of solid silver, studded with sil-
ver nails. From the exterior of the
roof, above a stone marking the sepul-
cher of Ishmael, which lies at the base
of the northern wall, there projects a
horizontal, semi-circular rain spout,
five yards long, 24 inches wide, made
of massive gold. Within, the roof is
supported by three columns of al-
wood; the walls are hung with red vel-
vet alternating with white squares in
which are written in Arabic the words,
"Allah-Jai-Jelalah." Praise to God the
Almighty. The building is packed
with pilgrims, praying, weeping, beside
themselves in an ecstasy of passionate
devotion. Mingled with their voices
there rises from outside the chant of
the Talbith, the Song of the Winding
Sheet, which every pilgrim must sing
on entering the Mecca, on donning the
sacred Ihram, on entering the haram
and on starting for Mina, the Valley of
Desire, and Arafat, the Mountain of
Compassion.

Christianity and Meat.
Prof. Yoshitaro Nakamura, graduate
of the Imperial agricultural college in
Sapporo, Japan, is at the Minnesota
state school of agriculture taking a spe-
cial course in animal industry and
meats. He is especially interested in
the packing business and has visited
the big plants in Chicago and else-
where. Prof. Nakamura says that on
account of the Buddhist religion the
Japanese have been averse to eating
meats, but now that Japan is adopting
the Christian religion the prejudices
against eating meats have to a certain
extent disappeared.

Bethel National Bank.

The annual meeting of the stock
holders of the Bethel National Bank
will be held in the banking rooms of
said Bank in Bethel, Maine, on Tues-
day, the ninth day of January, 1906,
at two o'clock in the afternoon, for
the purpose of electing directors for
the ensuing year, and the transaction
of any other business that may legal-
ly come before said meeting.

ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier.
Bethel, Maine Nov. 29, 1905. 28

Found a Cure for Indigestion.

I use Chamberlain's Stomach and
Liver Tablets for indigestion and find
that they suit my case better than any
dyspepsia remedy I have ever tried
and I have used many different reme-
dies. I am nearly fifty-one years of
age and have suffered a great deal
from indigestion. I can eat almost
anything I want to now.—GEO. W.
EMORY, Rock Mills, Ala. For sale
by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H.
W. Dennison, West Bethel, E. L. Teb-
bets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett,
Gilead.

Prepared for Alterations.

"I haven't seen your boy for some
time. At college now, they tell me.
Lemine sea. If I remember right, he
greatly resembles you. Has your shape
of nose exactly, hasn't he?"
"I dunno, I haven't seen him since
th' last football game."—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

Taking No Chances.

"I would rather," declared Miss El-
derleigh, "live in a hovel with you than
in a palace with another."
"That's all right," he replied, "but
unless your father will give me a good
job in his bank I'm not going on with
the wedding."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Able to Report Progress.

"Is your boy getting along well at
college?"
"Yes, as well as could be expected.
He has two fractured ribs, a broken col-
lar bone, and a dislocated shoulder, but
the doctor says he'll be out again in a
few weeks."—Chicago Tribune.

Wouldn't That?

"He said he was dying for love of
me."
"And what did you say?"
"I was that flabbergasted that I
couldn't do a thing but say, 'Well
wouldn't that kill you?'"—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

All the Way.

"Did you ever see such long gloves
as that woman is wearing? Why, she
buttons them from her wrist to her
elbow."
"Ho, that's not much. Why, my wife
buttons her gloves from the front door
to the theater."—Cleveland Leader.

In Style.

How many are her birthdays?
I know not the amount;
Old Time cast thirty ballots,
But she contests the count.
—N.

KEEP YOURSELF IN HEALTH.

Remember this important and merciful fact:
Serious diseases—even though the crisis may be
sudden—always give warning of their approach.
There are thousands who make a regular practice of
taking Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
whenever they have early symptoms of possible
sickness and through its prompt action are never
really ill. It is a perfect cure for

All Forms of Malaria.

It cures sick headache, and corrects those conditions
if the stomach which produce palpitation and heart-
burn. In a vast number of cases it has effected
cures of the most dangerous diseases—particularly
those of the kidneys and liver—where all other
treatment has failed. Even those painful and dan-
gerous malarials

Gravel and Stone,

that it was formerly deemed could only be treated by
surgical operations, have been found to yield
readily to the Favorite Remedy. If you have weak-
ness or pain in the back over the kidneys, or if your
urine is dark colored, listen at once to arrest the
progress of the disease by the use of Dr. Kennedy's
Favorite Remedy. On the slightest sign of any-
thing wrong with the kidneys or bladder, recourse
should at once be had to this medicine. The record
of this preparation in curing these common but

Very Dangerous Ailments

is one of brilliant and unprecedented success. The
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RECKLESS BRAVERY.

How Gen. Bernard G. Farrar and Three Men Tried to Capture Half a Hundred Confederates.

Those who know Gen. Bernard G. Farrar are aware that he served with distinction during the civil war and that more adventures befell him than even he remembers now, for the years that have flown by have dimmed them into a pleasant haze. There was one experience of Gen. Farrar that he seems to regard rather lightly, perhaps because it was only a mere part of the duty that devolved upon him, but that as it may, at the head of his troops he made a raid down through the swamps of upper Louisiana, his men lighting their way along the corduroy road that led them through the treacherous ooze by torches of fat pine and in the very heart of the enemy's country he cut out and captured 2,000 head of cattle that were being driven eastward from Texas to supply the confederacy with much needed beef.

But among all of Gen. Farrar's war memories there is one that stands out distinct and silhouetted against the dim of the past as clear as a cameo, and that one deals with a time when he and three troopers from the Fourth Illinois cavalry attacked a confederate force that outnumbered them more than ten to one. It was in the close of the year 1863 when the union forces and confederate forces were confronting each other along the Potomac and in Tennessee.

"The union forces along the Mississippi," says Gen. Farrar, "when he had settled himself comfortably back



WE TRIED TO HIDE BEHIND THE STOUT OAK RAILS.

in his chair, "merely divided the confederacy and had little to do with the ultimate destiny of the republic, but occasionally we had rather lively times there, and there was one experience that befell me that was the closest call I had during the whole war.

"It was in the early part of December, 1863, and I was in Natchez, Miss., which was one of the links in the chain that we had stretched along the Mississippi.

"The confederate general, Wirt Adams, with a large cavalry force, was making things in Natchez a trifle unpleasant for us and at length Brig. Gen. Gresham came down from Vicksburg, bringing a mixed command of infantry and cavalry to our relief. Very much to my surprise, he placed me in command of the cavalry and two companies of mounted infantry, and we at once assumed the aggressive and set off after Gen. Adams, who was supposed to be at Fayette, 20 miles away. Our progress was accompanied by a series of advance guard skirmishes, but there was very little opposition to our advance that was at all serious. On the night of December 23 we rode into Fayette, having dispersed what confederate forces we had found, and went to sleep without the least fear of any surprise. But at daybreak the following morning there was a vigorous attack made on our pickets on all sides. I was ordered to take my cavalry and clear the country of the comparatively straggling forces that were annoying us. I had under my command four troops, and we never seemed able to catch the enemy, for they were thoroughly familiar with the country and knew all the bridle paths and byways, and after we had followed them as best we could for more than a mile I made up my mind that we had put a stop to their annoying us and started back toward Fayette, where the rest of our force was.

"When near camp I heard firing to my right and, halting my command, took five cavalrymen from the Fourth Illinois troop and set off to reconnoiter. After going a few hundred yards I reached the top of a hill, and there, down in the valley below, I could see a confederate force of about 50 cavalry making things hot for our pickets. I dismounted at once, dispatched a message to my command, left one man in charge of the horses and then with three men started down the hill.

"The road along which the confederate cavalry who were annoying our pickets had come ran parallel to the base of the hill. Before them was the strength of our encampment, and I made up my mind that if we could get behind them we would capture the whole lot. They were about 200 yards away from us, so we made our way down along the side of the hill, sneaking along, concealed by the overgrowth, until we were within about 70 yards of them, and then all

of a sudden it struck me that if we could capture them it would be a great thing for us. At first my intention was to wait for my command to come up, but when I thought of the glory of taking them by surprise with my small force and frightening them so that they would run into the arms of our main force or surrender to me, I couldn't stand it, so with my three cavalrymen I placed myself in the lane and we opened as hot a fire as we could with rifles and pistols upon the unsuspecting confederates, who were taken completely by surprise.

"I have never seen such a panic as followed our first volley, but it didn't last long. Ahead of them was our main strength, and they knew it. They didn't know how strong we were, and were too much startled to see accurately, so they retreated a hundred yards or so, but the confederate captain never lost his nerve for a minute, and from the start was trying to rally his men. In a few minutes he had them under his control, swung them around and charged down on us full tilt, with his sword out and his men coming on behind, the hoofs of their horses sounding like thunder. As they saw what a weak force there was ahead of them they set up a wild yell, and just at that particular moment I asked myself what kind of a fool I was to attack a force that outnumbered us more than ten to one. We were in a bad fix, and there was no time for us to reload. On each side of the road was a rail fence. One side was steeply up hill, the other flat, and it didn't take any of us a moment to choose where we wanted to go. I don't think any of us touched a rail when we were getting out of the lane, for we were all pretty well frightened. There wasn't any time for us to get far away, for the confederates were close on us, and coming as fast as their horses could run.

"Up on top of the hill I could hear my command coming as fast as they could, for they were anxious to get in the fight. The confederates must have heard them, too, for they passed us like a whirlwind and the fraction of a minute that they spent in going by was the most miserable moment that I have ever spent in my life. It seemed to me as if every man that passed us shot at us a dozen times. We hadn't had any time to make a run for it, so we crowded up to the fence as close as we could and tried to hide behind the stout oak rails. Each one of us endeavored to take up just as little space as possible, and the roar of the horses' hoofs and the popping of carbines and pistols as they shot at us going by on the dead run made me think that our chances were worse than small for getting through.

"But the last confederate cavalryman swept by us and there wasn't a one of us touched. Down the hill my men came riding like devils, and when they came to where their commander was they found him tucked away in a fence corner and as far in the fence corner as he could get, feeling of himself to see if he was still alive. My men stopped but a moment and then set off after the enemy, but pursuit was useless and they were soon back awaiting my further orders.

"What insane idea led me to attack a force that was so greatly superior I have never been able to grasp. It was sheer impulse, nothing else, but it was an impulse that was so strong that I never hesitated a moment and the first effect was entirely gratifying, for we nearly stampeded the confederates into our lines before their captain got them under control again. When they did pass us they were riding so hard and going so fast that they could not shoot accurately, and besides, the target that we presented wasn't very big, for each one of us was drawn up into as small a space as possible. When my men had satisfied themselves that I wasn't hurt they made a little cast back up the road and found two confederate soldiers that we had wounded, and besides there was almost a wagon load of equipments that they had dropped in their surprise, so it may be said that my attack wasn't entirely without results.

"I've been in tight places since and know what the hum of bullets sounds like, but I have always felt that the closest call I ever had was in that little narrow country lane near Fayette, Miss., in December, 1863. The force we attacked didn't know how weak we were, but when their captain had rallied them they came down after us in as fine a cavalry charge as I have ever seen. The captain leading them was a fine fellow and every inch a brave man, but I have never seen him since."

Humor of a Sham Battle.

During some recent sham fighting by British troops the following incident, described by the London Chronicle, occurred: "An umpire on riding up to a trooper of the skeleton army, whose red flag denoted that he represented a double company of infantry, found him, utterly unconscious of any wrong-doing on his part, plucking blackberries from a hedgerow. The umpire sharply questioned him whether he was aware that he was surrounded, and that for half an hour the guards had not only been firing at him and his flag from a skirmishing line but that a Maxim gun had directed its halting attention upon him through a defile for 20 minutes. The nonplussed trooper, wiping the rich purple stains of the blackberries from his lips, then doubled off to join his unit."

Deep Dive of Submarine.

The greatest depth to which a submarine boat is known to have descended, under full control and without injury, is 138 feet. That record was made in experiments in Europe by a vessel designed by the American inventor, Simon Lake.

WALLACE'S REGIMENT.

Interesting Reminiscence of Its Organization—How It Came to Be Number Eleven.

Col. R. W. Holloway, United States consul general at Halifax, N. S., who was Gov. Morton's private secretary throughout the civil war, in writing to the Indianapolis News of some war incidents, tells an interesting story of Gen. Lew Wallace, and how the Indiana regiments in the war for the union came to start with six as the number of the first infantry regiment. "From the first," says the colonel, "Lew Wallace, then adjutant general of the state of Indiana, insisted that the new regimental numbers should begin at six to avoid a duplication of the five that had served during the Mexican war. Then began a struggle among those who had raised these first regiments to secure the lowest possible number, each being anxious to show by such a record that he and his regiment had entered by the service earliest. It became known that Lew Wallace was to command one of the regiments, and it seemed as if half the officers of the companies that had been accepted were becoming a part of his regiment. So he had little peace until it was settled what companies were to serve under his command.

"The field officers of the various regiments came to me in large numbers and suggested that they were confident that Wallace would take the lowest number, six, for his regiment, and requested me to request Gov. Morton to assign the numbers by lot. I told them that the governor could not interfere in the business of the adjutant general, and then spoke of it to Wallace, who said he had not thought of the matter and cared nothing what number should be given to his regiment, but to settle the matter he would say then and there that he would select the number 11, the highest number, for his regiment, and the other colonels might settle the numbers to be assigned to their regiments among themselves. The numbers of the other regiments, if my recollection is correct, were determined by lot.

"It is a well-known fact that the Eleventh Indiana was one of the best drilled and best disciplined regiments in the service. That regiment furnished a larger number of officers as field officers to other regiments, as well as major and brigadier generals, than any other from Indiana, if not from the union."

IN MEMORY OF THE RANGER

Tablet Commemorating the Building of Sloop for Capt. Paul Jones Unveiled.

The unveiling of the tablet to mark the spot on Badgers Island where the continental sloop-of-war Ranger was built in 1777 took place the other day at Portsmouth.

The Ranger was built under the personal supervision of Capt. John Paul Jones and sailed from this port late that year for France, carrying news of Burgoyne's surrender to the king of France.

The tablet is of bronze, cost \$150, and was paid for jointly by the Massachusetts and Maine Sons of the American Revolution and the Paul Jones club, of Portsmouth.

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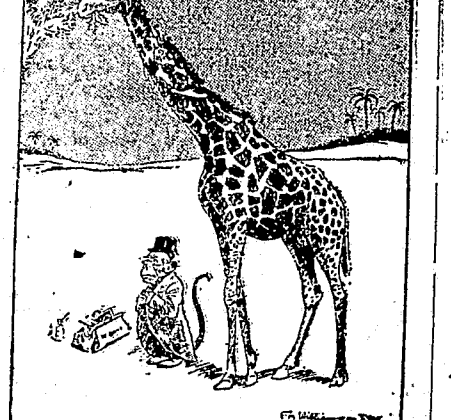
Further Particulars. Hercules was explaining why he had carried away the three-headed dog Cerberus.

"To all intents and purposes," he said, "Cerberus was three dogs. Pluto was trying to evade the payment of two-thirds of his dog tax by insisting that the entire aggregation constituted only one dog, and I wouldn't stand for that."—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Trouble Is. Redd—How's your friend getting on with his new airship? Greene—Badly; he can't get the thing to go up. "Not at all?" "Well, he can't even get it up high enough to get under it to see what's the matter with it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sloppy. A maiden in Bar Harbor, Me., Loved a fellow whose name was McShe. They were so befuddled By love, and so quaddled They'd sit and hold hands in the re. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A GIRAFFE COMPLAINT.



The Giraffe—Yes, doctor, I've got a touch of indigestion. Dr. Monk (glancing up at the mimosa bush)—And no wonder, when you eat such "high" food.

Monarch. The foot that rocks the cradle From its prominence is hurried; The foot that does the kicking Is the foot that rules the world. —N. Y. Sun.

Wanted Fiction. "Pa, tell me a story." "A true story?" "Naw. I don't like them." "I don't know any others." "Aw, yes you do. Tell me about the time you got a prize fer bein' the best little boy in school."—Cleveland Leader.

Contesting a Will. "What makes Peck look so worried?" "He's been contesting his wife's will." "Why, I didn't know his wife was dead." "That's just it—she isn't."—THE BITS.

Poor Material. "Then the capting hollered for boarders." "What fer?" "To take the prize-ship." "Shucks! All the boarders I ever seen wuz a puny-lookin' lot."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Vicarious Suffering. "What's the matter, old man? You look 'all'!" "I'm suffering; a good deal from toothache these nights?" "Didn't know you ever had it." "Don't; but my wife does!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Limit. Tom—I don't believe there's another woman living who's as frigid as Miss Beaconsfield. Dick—Cold, is she? Tom—Br-r-r! She's as cold as yesterday morning's griddle cake.—Philadelphia Press.

A Gleaming Prospect. "Mark my word, Henry!" exclaimed his wife, with energy, "this is the last dress that woman makes for me." "Oh, very well," rejoined Henry. "In that case, my dear, we shall be able to resume our summer holidays next year."

A Prediction. "Is that client crazy, who was just in here?" asked the broker's clerk. "No," said the broker, "but he's going to be. The stock he was hesitating about buying has gone up 20 per cent!"—Detroit Free Press.

Sour Grapes. "Why doesn't Mrs. Yungwile make her husband buy her a few diamonds?" "She says she considers diamonds vulgar." "Goodness! are they that poor?"—Chicago Sun.

Seems Reasonable. "I don't like that barber's whiskers. They're not appropriate." "What sort of whiskers should a barber wear?" "Chin whiskers, of course."—Chicago Sun.

Brute. Mrs. Jawback—George, you haven't been to church with me since we were married. Mr. Jawback—A burnt child dreads the fire.—Cleveland Leader.

Small Enough. Mr. Dorcas—I can tell you, my heart was in my mouth. Mrs. Dorcas—Well, you could swallow it whole.

Married Rich. "What is his earning capacity?" "One hellish."—Town Topics.

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